

A PLEA FOR KNOWLEDGE. By the late Dr. Creighton.

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A Romance

By
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A PLEA FOR KNOWLEDGE.*

BY THE LATE DR. CREIGHTON, LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

I am very sensible of the honor which the members of the Midland Institute have conferred upon me by choosing me to be their President; and I am equally sensible of the responsibility which I undertake in addressing such an audience as I see before me. I trust that I am not presuming too much if I suppose that in inviting me to be your President you had some thought that I was not exactly a stranger; that for a few years I was privileged as Canon of Worcester Cathedral, to stand in some relation to the vigorous life of this city, and was not entirely unfamiliar with its aims and aspirations. I would not allude to this fact if it were not in a manner connected with what I wish to say to you. I can say it most clearly by frankly confessing that I am following the bent of my own mind in saying it. Now I have always thought that the best way of understanding what things are is to try and discover how they came to assume their existing form. I am interested in observing differences between various countries. The points of difference seem more instructive than the points

of agreement; and even when things look the same at first sight they are found on further investigation to present notable differences. I feel that this is equally true of various parts of the same country. No amount of governmental consolidation can extinguish the vigor of local life. Common institutions may be accepted, but they are worked in a spirit which makes them productive of very different results. It is hard to secure monotony, however conscientiously we may pursue it. There is something in the collective life of communities which is distinctly their own, and cannot be taken away from them. These distinctive features we do well to cherish. They are our special contributions to the common welfare. If they are not necessary they will rapidly perish. It is our business to understand them and estimate them aright. Each community in its own sphere, with reference to its own experience and its own traditions, can work out some problem from which all may profit.

Now I am not so presumptuous as to attempt to put before you the special characteristics of your own community; you are better acquainted with them than I can be. Nor will I compli-

* An address prepared for the Midland Institute.

ment you on them; you are generally supposed to be adequately conscious of your own merits. I would only point out that Birmingham owes much of its present greatness to its past insignificance. It was not an old town with a mayor and corporation, and an industry regulated by guilds. It led an obscure existence under the mild sway of a bailiff, who presided over a manor court. When industrial life sprang into existence, Birmingham was free to adapt itself to new requirements. Those who could find no place in towns which were subject to ancient regulations and restrictions flocked hither. Birmingham grew owing to its freedom and its capacity to adjust itself to circumstances. This is the key to your municipal history. It is a characteristic which I trust you will always value and strive to preserve. Traditions are very good things; but when you are without them they are not worth importing artificially. There is always something which is accidental in the form assumed by the experience of the past. It is well to take the spirit of that experience and give it a form which is most suitable to the needs of the present.

You stand to-day at a very important point in the development of your civic life—more important, perhaps, than you imagine. The foundation of a new University is a matter of very great significance. It is an attempt to co-ordinate and to improve those qualities of our common life which are at once the highest and the most easily neglected. We do not, at the present day, express our views of things with the same clearness and force as did our forefathers. We are more chary of ideal conceptions, and prefer to live from hand to mouth. But men of old regarded the life of man as moulded by three great powers, the State, the Church and the University. It is true that they regarded

each of them as having a universal system. There was one Empire, one Church, one method of study. We have abandoned the idea of necessary uniformity of external structure. Europe is not united under one Holy Roman Empire, but by fundamental identity of objects of pursuit. The common power of Christianity to fashion character is recognized as existing apart from particular ecclesiastical institutions. In the same way Universities can promote the spread of learning without observing the same types of organization. But it still remains an absolute truth that human life rests on three great primary requirements, order, conduct, knowledge; and these three requisites are still expressed in the forms of the State, the Church and the University. Without a due recognition of all three, every particular form of local life is so far incomplete. The foundation of a University will make Birmingham a complete and independent centre of life in all its fullness.

You will say that this is a sentimental consideration which does not greatly affect you in a practical sense. My object is to plead with you that it should so affect you, and that the gain if it did would be very practical indeed. I said that we differed from the men of the Middle Ages in that we were chary of ideals—or rather, I should have said, in the formulated expression of them. I admit that the ideals of the Middle Ages wore thin, because they were so large that men contented themselves with recognizing them in the abstract, and were unable to apply them in details. We have discarded them in favor of practical effort in a limited sphere. But I feel that nowadays we have done our work in the way of limiting our sphere of action. We have arranged the lines of our practical energies so that they do not interfere with one another. We have

escaped from the thralldom of old *doctrinaire* systems. We have liberated our activities and given them full scope. I think that we need to restore ideal conceptions, no longer as impediments, but as expressions and regulators of our aims. Order, conduct, knowledge—they will remain the foundations of common life. Why should we hesitate to recognize them as such and admit the sentimental appeal made to each of us by the institutions which represent openly these three great requisites? As individuals, or at particular times, we may be more interested in one of them than in the others; we may be engaged in reforming or improving one or all of them; we may be dissatisfied with their present position. But we shall not really improve any of them by belittling the rest.

Let me apply this consideration to the matter of Universities. A University in old times was an institution which belonged to the whole of Europe. It owed its origin to that great principle of voluntary association which has ever been the source of progress. It was a corporation of scholars bound together for a common object. Its place was dictated by convenience of access, and it was this which gave Paris the chief importance.

The difficulties of maintaining scholastic independence in a great centre of political activity led to the selection of more peaceful spots in England; and Oxford and Cambridge were chosen as outside the battle of national life. But in France and England alike Universities existed apart from, nay, even opposed to, local or national life. They represented necessary truth, which was pursued as an object in itself, which was the same everywhere, and had an independent existence of its own. Masters and Doctors of Universities were related to one another throughout Europe; they stood in no

special relation to the needs of their own country.

Now the system of the Middle Ages broke down because this claim of abstract universality ceased to correspond with the actual facts of life. Nations came into conscious existence, and the conception of one Empire of the West was powerless against national aspirations. One ecclesiastical organization, unwieldy through the weight of accumulated traditions of the past, could not find room for independent thought. The system of the Universities was involved in the general downfall, retaining, however, greatest vitality in England, where it became a portion of the national life, inspired by it, rather than inspiring it. We have seen a slow revival of that system. New Universities, suited to the needs of a new epoch, have come gradually and tentatively into existence. You have much experience to guide you in establishing your University. So far as regulations and organization can help it, I have no doubt that it will leave nothing to be desired. Will it succeed in setting forth the claim of knowledge upon man's attention? Will it set learning in its due place in the public mind?

This was the work of the old Universities, and its supreme importance should not be overlooked. When we talk about education, we generally mean by that word some method which shall give everyone the largest possible amount of necessary information which the time at the teacher's disposal permits. I am not finding fault with that endeavor. But more important for every man than the possession of a *quantum* of rudimentary information is a conception that such a thing as knowledge exists; that others have it if he has it not; that its results are accessible to him if he should choose to apply for them. This is the truth that a University especially expresses.

Teachers and students alike are bound together by a common bond. They teach or study a special branch of knowledge; they are aware of the existence of many other branches of knowledge into which they are unable to penetrate far, if at all. But they know that they are there, and can glean something about them from academic intercourse. They are in relationship to much that they do not pretend themselves to know. A new theory has been started; it interests them enough to induce them to ask an expert. He points out the nature of the evidence, puts his finger on the flaws in its present conclusiveness, shows what are the dominant considerations, previously overlooked by the non-expert, on which the final decision will depend. It is this which constitutes the real value of a University and gives it an organic life. It generates a respect for knowledge as a whole, and keeps its separate parts in harmony.

I have heard the House of Commons described—and I do not think that any description could do it fuller justice—as a mixture of a Public School and a University. So far as regarded the relations of the members to one another, it was like a Public School. The new boys were welcomed by the old boys in the same sort of way, with a friendly greeting, an admonition to look after themselves, a kindly interest in seeing what they were fit for, readiness to advise such as sought advice; and then a silent process by which every one dropped gradually into his place and was classed according to his merits, whatever they were. In its actual work the House of Commons was like a University. A Bill consists of various propositions affecting the life of the community. Private conversation determines its fate as much, if not more than, public debate. It is the expert opinion which

is decisive. One after another of those who know the exact conditions which will be affected, gives his opinion and illustrates it from his experience. Small defects are remedied; points that have been overlooked are brought forward; unforeseen possibilities are considered. When all that can be done has been done, the questions remain if the object of the Bill is good, and if it will succeed in attaining it. The value of the whole process depends upon the amount of sound knowledge which from various sides is brought to bear.

I have given this instance of the necessity of what I would call the truly academic spirit, because it is not at first sight obvious. Yet the working of Parliamentary institutions does not only depend on the representation of the popular will or on the integrity of the deputies in giving it effect; it also depends upon the possession by them of adequate knowledge and patience requisite for the purpose. If you pursue this line of thought you will see how it applies to every branch of human effort. It is precisely this truth which it is the function of a University to make so clear as to be universally recognized.

In the days when Universities came into being, the great mass of mankind were ignorant, and were content to remain in ignorance, in the sense that they were what we should call uneducated. But we must not be misled by words and phrases. Men might not be able to read or write, but they were not for that reason unintelligent, or incapable of forming a judgment about what affected their own life. They could understand their own interests and transact their necessary business with as much keenness as we can. They knew on what points their opinion was of importance, and on what points it was of little value. The Universities maintained before their eyes, in a concrete form, the conception of

knowledge and of its importance. They saw lads selected from amongst themselves from time to time to become students. They followed their careers with interest, and they respected their pursuits all the more because they did not themselves engage in them. This is worth noticing, because it is by no means necessary that a more general spread of education should bring with it a corresponding respect for knowledge or a sense of its importance. I remember talking once with an old man who told me that he had been a Chartist in his youth. "But," he said, "I left them and I remember why I did. I was at a meeting, where we were discussing the Charter. I said that I agreed with it all except yearly Parliaments; I was not sure that a year was long enough for a man to learn his business. One of the delegates rose in anger, and said: 'Do you mean to say that there is any question which I cannot get to the bottom of in one night?' The meeting applauded him, but I was not convinced somehow; and the more I thought of it in that way the less I liked it." I give this as an instance of the ease with which an acquired facility of expression and a few secondhand ideas may destroy any conception of knowledge and its methods. You will all of you recognize the temper which it displays, and the dangers of that temper.

Now the great use of Universities is that they are a visible protest against such a temper as this, and an organized corrective of it. Formerly they were the homes of the ideas which dominated the life of Europe, and were venerated as such. Since the sixteenth century the old Universities of England have been regarded as the guardians of the best traditions of national life, which they passed on to succeeding generations of the nation's most favored sons. In our days the extension of Universities has been promot-

ed by the need of bringing knowledge into closer connection with our national occupations in the great centres of commercial and industrial life. We are now able to regard this process as consciously recognized. We may consider local Universities as a necessary part of our educational system, adapted to actual requirements, existing on a utilitarian basis, appealing directly to self-interest, but not, I think, on that account less effective for setting forth that ideal conception of the nature and value of knowledge in human affairs which it was the original mission of the Universities to assert. In fact, I think that our efforts to improve national education at the bottom have failed to produce their full effect because we have had no adequate expression of what they were striving to promote at the top.

So far I trust that I may have carried you with me in what I have said. But I have reached a point at which I must confess my doubts if I shall entirely satisfy you in what I am going to say. Yet I think it right to express my full convictions and leave you to deal with them, as you are well capable of doing. I will not even try to put them persuasively, for I wish you to feel the responsibility of refuting them from your own experience.

To put it briefly, my opinion is that the great defect of England at present is an inadequate conception of the value of knowledge in itself and of its importance for the national life. I wish to see this remedied; and it cannot be remedied till it is recognized. It will not be amended by improvements in our educational system; for systems are only so much mechanism, and depend on the force which works them. If there is a desire for knowledge, it is not difficult to find out proper means of imparting it. If there is little effective desire for knowledge, the invention of easy means for im-

parting a beggarly minimum will check rather than promote the desire.

When I say that in England there is an inadequate conception of the value of knowledge, I do not mean that England has ceased to produce eminent men in the various branches of learning, or that it does not recognize them. Knowledge will always have its votaries among a vigorous people, and its claims will never be forgotten. What I mean is that the average Englishman thinks very little of the importance of gaining for himself as much knowledge as he can for the purpose of leading his own life efficiently. If you are inclined to demur to that statement I would ask you to consider what are qualities on which Englishmen pride themselves. You know the familiar list—vigor, energy, practical capacity, dogged perseverance, determination not to be beaten, integrity, a love of justice, outspokenness, straightforwardness and the rest. These are all excellent qualities, but you will observe that they are all practical and not intellectual. They omit all reference to thought and its processes, to knowledge and its reward. The point of view towards life which they indicate is briefly this: That must be done which shows itself to need doing; the choice of means to do it is of secondary importance; the great thing is to set to work to do it, and do it hard with the determination to succeed.

It is of course presumptuous to venture to epitomize general tendencies in brief formulæ. It is still more presumptuous to deal in this way with other countries than one's own. But simply to introduce an element of perspective I will dare to apply the same method to our rivals abroad. I take it that the average German would put knowledge and assiduous application in the forefront of the national qualities of which he was proud. His attitude towards life would be that knowl-

edge was first necessary to show you what you could best do; then that the constant application of that knowledge and its assiduous increase would lead you to such success as you deserved. The Frenchman would put foremost a clear perception of the ends which you wished to pursue, formed from its correspondence with your own feelings and desires; it would then be carried out with accuracy and would give you satisfaction. To the American the world is still large, and the selection of an object is not of primary importance. Any object will do, but it must be pursued with smartness—that is, with a clear recognition of all the resources necessary for success, and persistent versatility in using each of them to the full at the right moment.

I am not concerned with contrasting these conceptions, or with noticing their obvious shortcomings. It is enough for my purpose to point out that the English view makes the least appeal to the intellectual qualities. If this be so, I think you will agree with me that it is undesirable; and that we must bestir ourselves to put knowledge back into its due place among objects of pursuit.

Our present position is, I think, easily understood, if we are prepared to recognize the facts. England was the home of that industrial movement which has revolutionized the world. It made so many discoveries and inventions that it was unable to understand them all. The practical qualities which had been generated through centuries by the system of local self-government which distinguished England, rose to dominant importance. Inventions multiplied through this sheer practical capacity, and England acted for a century as the pioneer of the world in a new course of civilization. There has been a tendency for England to remain contented with its first achievements and

its original methods. But there is unfortunately in all undertakings an economic law of diminishing returns. What can be done simply by the insight which comes from practical capacity has nearly been done. Other nations which had no traditions of such capacity inherited from previous experience have learned something of its methods. Moreover, the methods of common sense ought to lead on to the methods of science. For common sense means doing what is immediately obvious; science rests on the cultivation of the powers of observation beyond what is immediately obvious. They are not opposed; one is the supplement of the other. The transition between them is a most natural one. It involves no loss of the vigor of natural qualities that we should seek to add to them what is no less natural but only less apparent.

I said that our educational system suffered through our lack of interest in knowledge itself. We are assured, as a nation, that we have a well-established position. Such as we are, the world has found the need of us in the past; and it will find the need of us in the future. We do not dread competition; we are willing to leave small gains for less favored peoples. We are convinced that the large affairs will always remain in our hands, and that our products will be the best, and will always command a market by their intrinsic merit. I would not shake our self-confidence. But we must be prepared to add to our store of capacity, and I see no way to add to it except by increasing our knowledge. Let us do all that we have done; let us keep our existing qualities; but let us add to them that which increasing knowledge can bring.

This knowledge cannot be stored at the top only; it must be diffused through every part of our common life. We need not only the scientific invent-

or, but the employer who is quick to perceive and apply what has been discovered, and the workman who can so far understand its utility as to wish it to have the best possible chance. For this purpose we need a due appreciation of the use of knowledge, of the means by which it is acquired, and by which it is applied. At present all questions concerning this very important matter awaken only slight interest among the community as a whole. Take, for instance, elementary education. In spite of all the efforts of a few, it cannot be said that the matter has awakened much enthusiasm in those for whom it was intended. There have been many education questions; there still are; but they have been concerned with mechanism, with administration, with sectarian rivalries; not with the only question with which education is concerned—the best mode of fitting a child for the duties of life. I have asked many teachers if their experience showed that parents felt any real concern in what their children were taught at school. I may have been unfortunate, but I have only been furnished with one case in which a father came to the schoolmaster to ask why he had given his son a sum to work out to which there was no answer. The master had made a mistake, and the parent's remonstrance was quite just. It may be that many parents are quietly interested in what their children are doing at school, but do not announce the fact in any definite way. But I have failed to find many instances of parents who were making sacrifices to enable their children to pursue their education. I have had many testimonies of a prevailing absence of ambition in this direction. Yet it is common in France. I remember finding myself in a French village during a walk and wishing for lunch. Though it was a large village I could find no inn. I consulted a passer-by,

who told me there were two cafés. I asked for the nearest and he pointed to a miserable cottage. I found that it consisted of two rooms with earthen floors and containing the minimum of furniture. It was kept by an old man and an old woman, both over seventy. They provided me with some bread and some eggs, and as I ate my meal the old man's curiosity prevailed over the reticence and reserve which characterize the French in private matters. I talked to him about my life, and he gradually told me about his. I found that he and his wife were living in penury that they might spend their money on a nephew—they had no children of their own—who was in Paris pursuing his studies as a civil engineer, almost entirely at their expense. I wondered at the time if I could produce many parallel cases in England, and I have not yet succeeded in finding one.

I am far from saying that I wish such ambition to become universal. I think that it is best, as a general rule, for every one to strive to adorn the sphere in which his parents move, and, if he rises, to rise through it, instead of aspiring to leap beyond it from the first. But I should like to see some traces of a conscious desire on the part of parents that their children should have the best intellectual training possible—better and fuller than that which fell to their own lot. Nor would I have you suppose that I confine my remarks to primary education only. I do not know that parents of any class impress on their children the absolute need of gaining knowledge for the life which lies before them. They regard other qualities as more important. They are prouder of success in athletics than of place in the form. Without depreciating intellectual attainment if it comes, they rarely put it in the first place—unless a boy's career is to be determined by success in a definite examination.

Masters of public schools will tell you that, generally speaking, only the sons of poor professional men, who propose to follow in their fathers' steps and know that they must of necessity make their own way in the world—only these boys work hard, because they know that their education involves great sacrifice on the part of their parents, and cannot be carried on unless they win scholarships.

The pursuit of knowledge, like every other pursuit, is regulated by supply and demand. If we felt greater need of it, we should seek it more diligently. At present we do not seek it with burning zeal, because we are not convinced of its necessity. A man's market value does not depend upon his knowledge as of the first importance. I have heard it urged, as an objection to continuation classes, that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" that a workman who possesses none still learns what he has to do, and does it—while one who knows a little is often timid and doubtful just because he knows something and does not know enough. The argument struck me as more specious than real; but if there is anything in it, it only proves that there is need to replace the temerity which comes from ignorance by the dexterity which comes from knowledge; and there is a middle period in which we must have a little patience.

It is further said that the immediate reward of knowledge in industrial life is small. The point at which knowledge really makes the skilled artisan more efficient is soon reached. I admit it; but I am not commending the pursuit of knowledge for its immediate gains. The point at which knowledge will cease to make a man a better wage-earner may be soon reached; but the point at which it will cease to make him a better and a happier man will never be reached. And to find perpetual sources of new interest in one's

daily work, to feel a constantly increasing demand on one's intelligence and a growing development of one's powers of observation—this is of incalculable advantage to the progress of industrial life.

It is this progress which is the great object set before us. Let nothing hide this fact from our eyes. Modern nations depend for their greatness on their power of producing wealth. Do not say that this is a sordid and unworthy view. It is nobler than the view which it has superseded, of military ascendancy and increase of territory. No nation can live on its assumed capacity for governing other peoples. It must live on its power of supplying human needs, of improving the conditions of life, of liberating the energies of a constantly increasing number of intelligent men to work for the common good. Wealth is the outward measure of success in this process. The country that is most productive of commodities which all may enjoy is conferring the greatest benefit upon the world.

I sometimes think that we are in danger of growing afraid of admitting this as the great foundation of our national life. We are almost too ready to disregard the basis of industrialism on which that life assuredly rests. We have grown ashamed of being called "a nation of shopkeepers" just in proportion as other nations have become the same, or are frankly desirous of becoming so. We have a certain tendency to repose on our laurels, to adopt the attitude that we are no longer professionals but high-minded and eclectic amateurs. We do these things, it is true, but we have a pretty knack of doing them without much trouble. Others may regard them as their main line in life; we do them in a certain spirit of condescension. We have our dignity to maintain, and we are not going to sacrifice it by seeming

to take undue care about trifles. I would quote some words from a letter which I received from a schoolmaster, who has had an exceptionally large experience in teaching the different classes.

He wrote to me:—"Originality of thought and action is what John Bull hates, not so much for its own sake, as from the remarkable dread which he has of making a fool of himself. John Bull, junior, I know well. I know him in the son of the pauper and the criminal, and also in the son of the middle class and the rich man. He will not read or recite with any attempt at feeling or expression, simply because of this dread of making a fool of himself. He will not learn to speak French or German for the same reason." You will see from this extract—the truth of which you will all recognize—what I mean by saying that a national idea of being high-minded amateurs has penetrated far.

Now it is the function of a University to correct this tendency by showing how knowledge can give unity to life and effort. Whatever a man has to do will supply an intelligible starting point. Let him try to understand all about it, and round a definite centre knowledge will steadily grow. Let him pursue it as far as he can. Varied interests may carry him into other fields, but all that he gleans will be brought back. His interest in his own work will increase as he sees all that flows from it, its manifold relationships, its points of contact with things that at first seemed remote. There is nothing more dangerous to our industrial system than that the individual worker should conceive of his work as the means of earning money which he spends on what he really enjoys—should feel that his true life only begins when he quits his office or his workshop. Surely we must all recognize that our life is mainly our work,

and that what we are must be shown in what we do.

I have been speaking of one aspect only of a great question, and that most imperfectly. Knowledge is of many kinds, and men may dispute which kind is best. I have been content to assume that all kinds are good, and that kind is most likely to attract which stands in closest relation to the actual facts of life. There are two great benefits which knowledge will confer

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on one who genuinely seeks it. In matters where judgment is concerned it will enable him to see the thing as it is. In points of practice it will inspire him with a desire to do the thing as well as it can be done, if possible better than it was ever done before. We all admit the need of these capacities and motives. If we try to acquire them and induce others to acquire them we are displaying the highest and most far-sighted patriotism.

THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

(Concluded.)

The attitude of Queen Victoria towards religion formed a very interesting element in the composition of her character. It was two-fold, the political and the personal, and these two never clashed. The political side can easily be defined. She accepted, without discussion, the paradox that she was the head of two more or less antagonistic religious bodies. It did not trouble her at all that at Carlisle she was the official representative of the Anglican Church, and a few minutes later at Lockerbie, she had become the official representative of Scottish Presbyterianism. This she not merely did not question, but its discussion annoyed her; she did not permit any trifling with the subject. She considered her political relation to the national religions exactly as she treated her headship of the army or the navy. It was a constitutional matter which she never dreamed of disputing. To have asked how it coincided with her personal inner convictions would have seemed to her like asking her if she had ever served as a soldier or a sailor. She was the Queen of Great Britain,

and the sovereigns of this country wereheads of its two national churches. She wished to be kind to her Catholic subjects in the same way; "I am their Queen, and I must look after them," she said. She would have been quite prepared to have been the religious head of her Mohammedan and her Buddhist subjects in India, in the same professional way. She looked upon these things as part of the business of her statecraft, and never allowed the matter to trouble her conscience.

Of her personal religion it behooves us to speak with great reserve and with deep respect. Yet it was so prominent a feature of her character that we are not justified in excluding it from our study. Be it simply said, then, that in Her Majesty the religious life was carried out upon the plainest Christian lines, without theological finesse, and without either vacillation or misgiving. She never disputed about questions of faith; she never dwelt on its circumstances. She was always very shy of airing her convictions, and had something of the old eighteenth-century shrinking from what she

called "enthusiasm." She desired above all things to avoid the appearance of cant, and brought to the discussion of religion, as of all other things, that exquisite spirit of good breeding of which she was the acknowledged mistress. It may be hazarded that the forms of service in which she found most satisfaction were those of the Presbyterian Church. But she never discussed them, and never was at pains to defend them. If by chance some ardent theologian in Scotland should find it irresistible in the Queen's private presence to split hairs and insist upon subtle shades of dogma, he was listened to but not answered. Presently the collie-dog would yawn and the Queen would faintly smile; if the divine was a wise man, he would accept the criticism. The Queen—it must be admitted—had no leaning to theological discussion, and not much curiosity about creeds.

Preachers not unfrequently made the great mistake of setting their sermons directly at Her Majesty. This was never approved of, and even when it was done in a roundabout way it was sure to be discovered. The Queen greatly preferred a direct appeal to the congregation in general; she liked to merge herself with the others—to be forgotten by the preacher, except as one among many souls. References to her "vast empire" and her "sovereign influence over millions of men" always gave offence. "I think he would have done better to stick to his text," she would say. She had no love for any sort of excess; she discouraged asceticism as a branch of the "enthusiasm" that she dreaded; she did not approve of long services, and would sometimes scandalize the minister by indicating, with uplifted fan, that the sermon was getting too lengthy. She said of one clergyman, "I think he would do better if he did not look at me. He catches my eye and then he cannot stop." The

Queen disapproved of proselytism in the court; she would allow of no distribution of tracts, no propagation of fads and "peculiar opinions." There was no reason why there should be any sects, she thought, and no proof that modern people were any wiser about morals than their forefathers. She was a Broad Churchwoman, in the true sense, and her attitude towards dogmatic religion was a latitudinarian one, though perhaps she would have disliked it being defined in that way. In the old Tractarian days she felt a certain curiosity in the movement, but when Lady Canning tried to convert her to High Church views, the Queen was very angry. It rather set a mark in her mind against a person that he or she was a ritualist. It was always an element in her reticence with regard to Mr. Gladstone, that he was too High Church; "I am afraid he has the mind of a Jesuit," she used to say. She liked Roman Catholics very much better than Anglican ritualists, partly because she had a respect for their antiquity, and partly because she was not the head of their Church, and so felt no responsibility about their opinions. She had foreign Roman Catholic friends with whom she sometimes spoke on religious matters with a good deal of freedom. Her knowledge of many phases of modern religious thought was rather vague; and when the creed of the Positivists was first brought to her notice, she was extremely interested. "How very curious," she said, "and how very sad! What a pity somebody does not explain to them what a mistake they are making. But do tell me more about this strange M. Comte."

The religious position of the Queen as a human being can be very simply defined. The old peasant at her cottage-door, spelling out a page of the Bible was an image that particularly appealed to her. She was full of beau-

tiful and perfectly simple devotional feelings; she was confident of the efficacy of prayer. She looked upon herself quite without disproportion, not as a Queen, but as an aged woman who had been sorely tried by anxiety and bereavement, and by the burden of responsibility, but who had been happy enough to see through it all that it was the will of God, and to feel that that lightened the load. It was her cardinal maxim that all discomfort comes from resisting that will. To her parish-priests she always showed particular kindness, and some she honored with her confidence. Dean Wellesley, in many ways like-minded with herself, was long her trusted confidant. Nephew of the great Duke, he was a noble type of the enlightened statesman-priest, and he was the latest survival of all those men who were grouped around the Queen in her early youth. He exercised a paramount authority in matters of Church preferment, where the Queen never questioned his wisdom, for she had proved him to be raised above all sectarian prejudice by his remarkable elevation of character. Dean Wellesley was aware of the importance of his advice to the Queen, and he refused bishopric after bishopric from unwillingness to leave her. At his death, in 1882, she was deeply afflicted. No later chaplain could hope to exercise quite the same power as Dean Wellesley; but Dr. Davidson (the present Bishop of Winchester), who, after a short interval, succeeded him in the Deanery, obtained in later years an influence closely resembling that of his predecessor. In the Established Church of Scotland, no minister received clearer marks of Her Majesty's favor, and none, it may be added, deserved them better, than Dr. Norman Macleod, whose elevated and lovable character, compounded of strength and tenderness, good sense, humor and sympathy, was animated

by a form of religion specially attractive to the Queen.

Perfect as she was in a regal and political aspect, filling more than adequately an astonishing number of offices, it was yet inevitable that there should be sides of life in which Queen Victoria was not inclined, or was not, let us boldly admit it, competent to take a leading part. Such shining qualities as hers could not but have their defects, and it is the poorest-spirited obsequiousness to pretend that they had not. No one brought a greater tact to the solution of the questions, What can I, and What can I not do? than did her late Majesty.

When it came to her asking herself, Can I be a leader of intellectual and æsthetic taste? she promptly decided that she could not, and she did not attempt the impossible task. It may be admissible to regret, or not to regret, that the Queen did not take the lead in the advancement of literature and art among her people. It may be a not insufficient answer, founded upon absolute common-sense, to say that she had, literally, not leisure enough to do everything, and that she very wisely diverted her attention from those subjects in which, as a leader, she might have failed. She had no time to fail; consequently, if there was the least doubt concerning her ability in any one direction, there it was useless to push on.

This was particularly the case in regard to literature. She saw a vast and growing work being performed by her subjects, and she did not feel that she was in touch with it. She accordingly left it alone, and had the wisdom not to attempt to patronize what she was not sure of comprehending. If we are content to examine her personal tastes and predilections, they were not brilliant, but they did no discredit to her understanding. She was naïve about the books she read, which

were mainly novels and travels. Walter Scott was her favorite author; but she had a great partiality for Jane Austen. The Prince Consort was an enthusiastic student of George Elliot, and he persuaded the Queen to read her books; she continued, perhaps partly for the Prince's sake, to express great admiration for them. The Queen had no real feeling for poetry, although she professed a cult for Tennyson, founded upon her emotional interest in his "In Memoriam." More modern authors received little attention from her; and the stories current of the Queen's particular interest in this or that recent writer may be dismissed as the fables of self-advertisement. She would sometimes begin a book at the earnest request of one of her ladies, who would immediately write off to the author: "I am happy to tell you that the Queen is now deep in your 'Prodigies of Passion;'" but the correspondent would fail to mention that Her Majesty had tossed it away when she reached the fifth page. She would be very full of a book of information while she was studying it, would be riveted by particular anecdotes, and would quote them eagerly.

It could not with truth be said that her interest in art was much more acute. Here again it was always her instinct that guided her rather than cultivated knowledge. She never took the right kind of interest in the beautiful objects she possessed in her palaces, and it is mere courtly complaisance to pretend that she did. In painting, two or three foreigners pleased her, and she rang the changes on their productions. In portraiture she greatly preferred likeness to artistic merit, and it was this that kept her from employing some of the great Englishmen of her reign. The Queen was entreated to sit to Mr. G. F. Watts, but in vain. When it was argued that he would produce a splendid painting, she would

say: "Perhaps so, but I am afraid it would be ugly." Lady Canning, at the time of the Pre-Raphaelite revival, tried very hard to lead the Queen's taste into fresh channels, and to woo it away from its cold German traditions; but she did not succeed. Frankly, the Queen did not care about art. She did not attempt to become acquainted with the leading English artists of her time. The only studio of a master that she ever visited was that of Leighton, whose "Procession of Cimabue" the Prince Consort had bought for her, and whom she thought delightful, though perhaps more as an accomplished and highly agreeable courtier than as a painter.

Her attitude to music and to drama was much more interesting, though very simple. She had a sweet soprano voice, and had been trained by Costa to produce it prettily. She was very modest and even deprecatory about this accomplishment of hers, in which, however, she acquitted herself charmingly. Her favorite musician was Mendelssohn, who had greatly pleased her in early days as a man. She would have nothing to say, until quite late in life, to Wagner or Brahms, and once dismissed them all in one of her abrupt turns of conversation, "Quite incomprehensible!" "I'm bored with the Future altogether," she used to say, "and don't want to hear any more about it." She was not more partial to some of the old masters, and once closed a musical discussion by saying, "Handel always tires me, and I won't pretend he doesn't." She carried out her aversion to the last, and forbade that the Dead March in "Saul" should be played at her funeral.

At the play she must always have been a charming companion, her attention was so gaily awakened, her spirits so juvenile. She was fond of drama, even of melodrama, and let herself become the willing victim of every illu-

sion. Sometimes she put on a little sprightly air of condescension to a companion presumably ignorant of stage affairs; "now listen carefully, You think that woman is the house-keeper, but you wait and see." And at the *dénouement*, the Queen was always triumphant: "There! you didn't expect that, did you?" She thoroughly enjoyed a good farce, and laughed heartily at the jokes. She delighted in Italian opera, and when she liked a piece she steeped herself in every part of it, the melody and the romance, and heard it over and over until she knew the music by heart. "Norma" was a great favorite, and in later years Calvé won her heart in "Carmen," to which opera—music, plot and everything—the Queen became absolutely devoted. And the pieces of Gilbert and Sullivan were an endless delight to her; she would even take a part in these very drolly and prettily. No one could form a more sympathetic audience, whether in music or drama, than the Queen. She gave her unbroken attention to the performer, and followed whatever was being done with an almost childish eagerness. If the tenor began to be in the least heavy, the Queen would be observed to fidget, as though hardly restrained from breaking into song herself; and at the slightest deviation from perfection of delivery her fan began to move. No part of her character was more singularly interesting than the way in which, in such matters as these, she preserved a charm of juvenile freshness like an atmosphere surrounding the complex machinery of her mind.

One side of her development which must not escape consideration was that which made her, without rival, the leading woman of the world of her time. The way in which the Queen faced the society of Europe, or rather advanced at its head through the greater part of her long life, was the

result of a variety of influences, from within and from without. To follow these curiously would lead us too far, and we must confine ourselves to a consideration of certain definite effects upon the Queen's character. But before doing so it may be well to offer a few remarks with regard to the court which she formed around her, and which took the stamp of her personal tastes and temperament. To comprehend the constitution of the Victorian court, it must be recollected, first and foremost, that the Queen had an extreme respect for *tenue* in all its forms. When she was alone with her usual companions, nothing in the world could be more easy than she was in her deportment and conversation; but on anything approaching a state function utter rigidity was to be observed. This exterior stiffness, for which the English court became rather uncomfortably celebrated throughout Europe, was due, doubtless, in the first instance, to the tradition of Stockmar through the Prince Consort. When the Prince came to this country, there was an idea abroad that the court of Windsor was very much too free and easy. He early induced the Queen to take the same view, and with her remarkable tenacity of purpose, she acted on those lines until the end. There were certain modifications, of course. Some people now living can recollect the intensely German evenings at Windsor, with their curious round of etiquette. The Queen herself invented the convenient but embarrassing habit of having one person after another called up to converse with her. Meanwhile silence had to be maintained in the rest of the room, and the whole social effect was stilted to the last degree. The Royalties stood together on the rug in front of the fire, a station which none durst hold but they; and amusing incidents occurred in connection with this sacred object. When Sir Edward Bulwer-

Lytton first dined with the Queen, he strolled about the drawing-room afterwards so freely that Her Majesty whispered in agitation, "If you don't do something to attract his attention, in another minute he'll be—on the rug!"

But although the rule of the court in these matters was so absolute, and its habits intensely conservative, the Queen's private manner was never affected by it, even on these stately occasions. Sometimes the court, on arriving in the drawing-room after dinner, would form a semi-circle around the Queen, and stand while she spoke to one after another. There was, of course, no other talk. When this ordeal was over, the Queen would take her flight to the sofa, where the Duchess of Kent was already seated at a round table at her game of cards. The formality of the evening would then subside, and the Queen would be once more the charming, easy companion with whom her ladies had gone sketching in the park in the morning.

The Queen was sometimes a little nervous lest people whom she did not know well should be tempted to take a liberty. Of course, as years rolled on, this became a more and more utterly incredible supposition, but in old years more than one dinner-party at Windsor was spoiled by it. At the shadow, or less than the shadow, of an undue freedom, she would freeze, and in all probability not thaw out again through the course of the dinner. She had a droll way of referring to these mischances, for which she had always the same formula; she used to say, "I chose to have a headache last night. I am not quite sure that — is discreet." This was a favorite word with the Queen, and she used it in a variety of meanings. It meant well-bred, and it meant tactful; and it meant personally or instinctively agreeable to Her

Majesty. It was rather a dreadful moment when she said that somebody was "not discreet." Her favorite form of showing displeasure for want of discretion was to leave off asking the indiscreet person to dinner. The Queen invariably selected her own dinner list; and people who had unconsciously offended found out their error by not being asked for several successive nights. In process of time their sin would be pardoned, and the sign of it would be the reappearance of the name on the dinner-list.

She had a very fine instinct for good breeding, but this did not prevent her from being sometimes a prey to vulgar toadies. People would enlist her sympathies for some decayed relation of their own, and the Queen would become violently interested. If, as not unfrequently was the case, the personage proved disappointing, she would often be exceedingly forbearing. "Not very pretty manners, poor thing! Well, well!" she would say, and that would be the end of it. On the whole she did not resent this commonness of manner so much as she did lofty behavior. She looked askance at pretentious people, and in this direction she was certainly sometimes tempted to injustice. She was always a little afraid of "clever" women; and a reputation for superior intelligence was no recommendation in her eyes. She liked the ladies about her to have extremely good manners, with a pretty presence, but she shrank away from any woman who, she feared, was "going to be clever." It had been very early instilled into her that it was man's province to be clever, and that it was much best for woman not to intrude into it.

The men with whom she had been principally brought into contact at the beginning of her reign had not been remarkable as a group for their mental cultivation. There seems to be no doubt at all that the "man of the

world" of fifty years ago was in every respect a more ignorant being than he would be if he flourished to-day. Not merely did he not know much, but it was a point of honor with him to conceal what little he did know. The wives and daughters of these noblemen surrounded the young Queen, and impressed upon her the idea of what English women ought to be. In the course of time Prince Albert appeared upon the scene, with his head full of the precepts of Count Stockmar, his store of German culture, and his genuine taste for science and philosophy. The Queen was partially converted to the Prince Consort's views; not merely was she proud of his attainments, but she admitted to herself that it was proper that there should be cultivated and learned men, who should walk in line with the Prince. But as regards women, she retained her preconceived ideal. She would certainly never have allowed that every action of theirs could be analyzed under one of three categories, as it was said that Stockmar had persuaded Prince Albert to believe.

Much must, however, be left to conjecture when we speak of the formation of the Queen's character at that early date, as there are few survivors amongst us to consult, and as the memoir-writers of those years scarcely thought of preserving the intimate and homely details which would now be so invaluable. Old court circulars and lists of the *personnel* of the court, indicate, however, that then, as now, the court consisted of eight ladies of the bed-chamber, simply styled ladies-in-waiting, eight maids of honor, eight equerries, the Prince Consort's private secretary, and the privy purse. Other special posts were filled by other occupants when they were required at Windsor or in London. From 1854 onwards, for the next fifteen or twenty years we meet with names, such as

those of Lady Canning, Lady Macdonald, Lady Jocelyn, the Duchess of Athole and Lady Mount Edgumbe. Each of these remarkable women left a vivid impress on the daily life of the Queen. The extraordinary courage and strength of purpose of Lady Canning, exhibited as they were through the Indian Mutiny and afterwards, are matter of history. In Lady Macdonald there existed a love of literature and language which Prince Albert greatly admired and which he recommended to the notice of the Queen. But it was Lady Jocelyn, brilliant and witty—the most beautiful woman of her day, and doomed to close her life as the most unhappy—who was more uniformly fortunate than any other of the Queen's early companions in sustaining that spirit of artless gaiety and sparkling good manners in which Her Majesty delighted.

The influence of the Duchess of Athole upon the Queen was unique. No one, perhaps, ever charmed her Royal mistress so completely. The Duchess was a romantic being, who seemed to be transferred to life straight from the pages of one of the Waverley novels. She was, before she came to Windsor, and whenever she was back at home in the north, the type of a Scottish chieftainness. Her purpose was inflexible, her sense of humor broad and full, her will that of a woman who was born to rule, and who knew it. Full of kindness to those who acknowledged her sway, but quick to resent and resist the slightest encroachment, the smallest slight to her pride, the Duchess of Athole seemed created by nature to fall at court and to fling over the traces of its discipline. But her brain was full of wild Celtic romance, and this was fortunately centred with an intense devotion upon the person of Queen Victoria. Whatever homage she would have demanded from others for herself, whatever claims her fierce

pride made on the allegiance of her clan, the Duchess was only too happy to lavish on the Queen. She was not conventional, and she laid herself out to persuade the Queen to share her breezy love of out-door life. The result on the Queen was a further appreciation of scenery, and of the landscape-painters whom the Duchess would sometimes bring in her train from Dunkeld.

In slightly later times women scarcely less remarkable than these, and in some cases still more intimately bound up in the Queen's private life, took the place of the older ladies. Lady Mount Edgcumbe, whose musical talents were a ceaseless source of delight to the Queen, formed a link between the older generation and those who, like Lady Ely, with her tireless devotion, and Lady Churchill, whose life closed but a few days before that of her Royal mistress, succeeded them in their duties and their privileges. Although the gentlemen in waiting did not occupy so much of her time, there were several, such as the present Duke of Grafton, Lord de Roos, Lord Hertford, and General Hardinge, who were counted among the Queen's real friends for life.

The maids of honor were never reckoned in court esteem as quite so high in consideration as the ladies-in-waiting. Some among them, however, as particularly Miss Phipps, continued to serve the Queen as secretaries to the end; and two, Lady Biddulph and Lady Ponsonby, as wives of the successive keepers of the privy purse, shared with their husbands the privilege of attending the Queen wherever she went. None of these whom we have mentioned could be called dull or commonplace women. Each had some peculiar strength or charm of temperament; and it might be supposed that each would exercise some direct influence upon the Queen's

character. But it is more than doubtful whether they can be said to have done so. Queen Victoria was curiously independent of her attendant ladies. She valued them, she appreciated their qualities, she leaned on their devotion; but she was never under their influence. She accepted their services in a dispassionate, professional way, and she ever, by preserving a quiet tone of decorum, checked any exaggerated expression of personal affection the moment that it was threatened.

The Queen, full of warmth and human tenderness as she was, and surrounded all her life by persons deeply devoted to her, to whom she was deeply attached, was singularly without what could truly be called friends. The atmosphere of her life was too much charged with formality to allow of what could deserve the name of a deep personal friendship between herself and any of her subjects. No one, it was made apparent, was ever quite necessary to her; the indispensable person did not exist. Lady Canning used to warn enthusiastic novices of the danger of cultivating any illusion on this point. She would say, "You will be delighted with your waiting at Balmoral or at Osborne. You will see the Queen intimately, riding, dancing, playing, dining. You will think she cannot get on without you, and then you will come back one day to Windsor, and somebody else will take your place, and you will have become—a number on the list." Undoubtedly, in her ripe wisdom, the Queen encouraged this.

She desired above all things to keep the society immediately around her person on a serene and even footing. There must not be the least approach to favoritism; and she would check herself first of all if she discovered a tendency in her own manner to encourage one person at the expense of another. But, in truth, her en-

grained professional habit made her free of all her ladies.

It is a matter of ancient history that in 1839 the Queen waged a determined battle with Sir Robert Peel on the subject of the appointment of her bed-chamber women. He offered his resignation, and she accepted it without the least compunction. It is not so well known that she failed in her second and parallel controversy, about her private secretary. No Government would hear of creating any such appointment, and the post continued to be officially unrecognized until the very close of her reign. It was none the less powerful, however, for being unofficial. In Baron Stockmar's letters to the Prince Consort, he acutely points out how the Prince may best serve the Queen, by acting as her private secretary. He tried to do this, with the help of G. E. Anson; of course the result was that the unseen man of professional knowledge and habits, became the moving spirit. It continued to be so after the Prince's death. If any one doubts this, let him turn to the Queen's letter on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in the "Life of Archbishop Tait." Can any one fail to detect, in the liberal accent with which the Queen deprecates the rejection of the Bill, that there is more of General Grey in this letter than the mere shaping of the draft?

It came about in this way, unofficially, and as it were, unconsciously, that after the death of the Prince Consort the Queen gradually found herself at the head of a little staff of confidential officers. These consisted originally of General Grey, and then of General Ponsonby, as private secretary, with Sir Charles Phipps originally, and then Sir Thomas Biddulph, as the keeper of the privy purse. Eventually there was an arrangement by which Sir Henry Ponsonby combined the two offices with

the aid of two assistants. Still later, there was a return to the original arrangement; and Sir Arthur Bigge was private secretary, and Sir Fleetwood Edwards keeper of the privy purse, to the end. This staff, never officially acknowledged in the fulness of its functions, had to exercise the most complete self-effacement, and became, in effect, an expansion of the Queen's personal power in action. The watchword of the lives of her private secretaries was devotion to the will of the Queen. The secret of the power they exercised was faithfully kept from the public, and will always be kept. These men gave their lives to her service, without demur or reserve, and it is as much to her honor as it is to theirs that she inspired such complete devotion in men of such remarkable gifts.

The duties of the private secretaries included not merely communication on the Queen's behalf with the principal departments of the Government, but the reading through of all the despatches, and the digestion for the Queen's use of all documents—the keeping watch, in short, upon everything of public importance which went on in and out of Parliament, and the scheduling it so as to save the Queen's time as much as possible when it became necessary for her to form a decision. Not till many years have passed by will the real work of the private secretaries be fully known, but history is sure to confirm the verdict that, whatever their duties may ultimately prove to have been, they carried them out with complete self-effacement.

In this delicate and responsible position, it was the Queen's constant wish that the private secretaries should never allow their own political feelings to be discoverable. They had to consent to belong to no particular party, to suffer, in fact, political disfranchisement. This, with the utmost sagacity, they always contrived to do; and ministers

of every complexion have acknowledged the impartiality of the private secretaries. Lord Beaconsfield said to a political friend, "I believe that General Ponsonby used to be a Whig, but whatever his politics may once have been, I can only say that I could not wish my case stated to the Queen better than the private secretary does it. Perhaps I am a gainer by his Whiggishness, as it makes him more scrupulously on his guard to be always absolutely fair and lucid." The tributes of Mr. Gladstone were not less explicit. It is greatly to the credit of the private secretaries, who came nearer to the mind of Her Majesty than any other persons, that they never forgot to efface their own views and wishes in her sovereign will. She exercised that will with complete independence; and, from the death of the Prince Consort onwards, if she ever found any of her gentlemen issuing an order without her cognizance, she did not fail to make her displeasure felt.

Throughout periods of crisis nothing could equal the firmness with which the Queen supported the decisions of her ministers. This was peculiarly the case during the South African War, when her loyalty to the Government never flagged for a moment. That she regretted that she had not seen the end of the war was true, but that she wished it to be prematurely stopped, or stopped by weak concessions, is absolutely untrue. A story has been circulated by some interested persons to the effect that, in her last words to the Prince of Wales, she ordered him to "stop the war." This is a sacrilegious falsehood to which it is proper that the most direct denial should be given. Such inventions do real mischief, and distort the popular conception of the Queen's character. Having decided, as head of the Army, that war with a foreign nation was necessary, the Queen never drew back. She had

a soldierly feeling which supported her throughout, and weak remorse was never one of her failings. The kindly and humane expressions which she used in individual cases could only by wilful violence be distorted into an appearance of disloyal opposition to her ministers in regard to a national question of vital import.

At the same time the Queen was less ready to yield to ministerial dictation than is commonly supposed. She did not admit it at the time, but she allowed it afterwards to be felt, that if she had made up her mind on a question of principle, she would not yield without a struggle. Of her relations with various Governments much has come to light which it would be otiose to repeat here. Less is known of her intercourse with Lord Clarendon, whom she liked, although she was a little intimidated by his sarcasm and his bright, free speech. She had a certain *nuance* of dislike in her relations with Lord Palmerston; she thought him a *roué*, and his jauntiness was not to her taste. The rebuff she once administered to him, as Foreign Secretary, is matter of history. Lord Granville was excessively fortunate in all his dealings with the Queen. A finished actor and a finished man of the world, he contrived in all conditions to maintain exactly the correct tone. The remarkable gifts of this astute statesman never appeared to such brilliant advantage as during his interviews with the Queen, whom he exhilarated with his gaiety and sprightly wit. Of Lord John Russell she said amusingly that he would be better company if he had a third subject; for he was interested in nothing except the Constitution of 1688 and —himself. She esteemed Lord Derby, but she considered him a little bolsterous. On Lord Aberdeen she placed a deep reliance; he was easy and explanatory in his official dealings with her;

and in his somewhat grim fashion he always tried to make his interviews pleasant to her. For Lord Grey (then Lord Howick) she had an indulgent appreciation, although she once described him as "the only person who ever flatly contradicted me at my own table."

None of these statesmen, however, approached the remarkable ascendancy which Disraeli exercised over the Queen. No one, it is certain, ever amused her so much as he did. After she had overcome the first instinctive apprehension of his eccentricity, she subsided into a rare confidence in his judgment. She grew to believe that on almost all subjects he knew best. With his insinuating graces, his iron hand under the velvet glove, his reckless disregard of court etiquette, Disraeli was almost the exact opposite of Lord Granville; but from him the Queen bore what she certainly would have resented from almost any one else. He was never in the least shy; he did not trouble to insinuate; he said what he meant in terms the most surprising, the most unconventional; and the Queen thought that she had never in her life seen so amusing a person. He gratified her by his bold assumptions of her knowledge, she excused his florid adulation on the ground that it was "oriental," and she was pleased with the audacious way in which he broke through the ice that surrounded her. He would ask across the dinner-table, "Madam, did Lord Melbourne ever tell your Majesty that you were not to do" this or that? and the Queen would take it as the best of jokes. Those who were present at dinner when Disraeli suddenly proposed the Queen's health as Empress of India, with a little speech as flowery as the oration of a maharajah, used to describe the pretty smiling bow, half a curtsy, which the Queen made him as he sat down. She loved the East with all its pageantry and all its

trappings, and she accepted Disraeli as a picturesque image of it. It is still remembered how much more she used to smile in conversation with him than she did with any other of her ministers.

That the Queen preferred Scotland to any other country is well known. In the sincere and artless "Journals," extracts from which she was induced to publish, this delight in the Highlands glows on every page. It was always remarked by those around her that her spirits steadily rose as the time approached for her journey to Balmoral, and that when she actually started she was as eager as a child on a holiday. The total absence of restraint, and the comparative removal of responsibility, acted most pleasantly on her spirits, and to those whose duty it was to serve her she was never perhaps so completely charming, so easy to satisfy, so warmly genial, as when she was driving and sketching and drinking tea on the remote Aberdeenshire moors. In Scotland, too, she even laid aside something of her decisiveness. She would indulge, in little things, in the luxury of not quite knowing her own mind, and was even in some matters under the domination of favorite and trusted domestics. She had the peculiarity of never being sure which road it was best to take, or what garment to wear, and her drives became, on this account, prolonged agonies of indecision.

Bound up with this love of the Highlands was the Queen's romantic passion for her Stuart ancestors, mainly seen through an atmosphere of the romances of Sir Walter Scott. It became difficult to decide whether she liked Aberdeenshire because it reminded her of the tartan heroes, or whether much wandering over the braes brought the lives of the Jacobites home to her. One of the Queen's strongest traits was her partiality for the Stuarts; she

forgave them all their faults. She used to say, "I am far more proud of my Stuart than of my Hanoverian ancestors;" and of the latter, indeed, she very seldom spoke. She once reproved one of her gentlemen rather sharply for condoning the acts of the Butcher. She drew herself up and remarked, "I do not like to hear the Duke of Cumberland praised; he was a shocking man," not wholly on account of his action after Culloden, but also because of her fondness for the romantic prince, whom she would never allow any one in her presence to style the Pretender. She cultivated a deep and almost superstitious admiration for Charles I, who was never anything less than "the Royal Martyr" in her eyes. All the objects which had belonged to that family, which she could gather together, she preserved with the greatest veneration; and it is recalled that when she visited the late Lord Ashburnham's collection of Stuart relics, the Queen was quite overcome with emotion. No disparaging remarks were ever permitted in her presence, even with regard to James II. It is very amusing that she never seems to have been willing to admit that the success of either Pretender would have been fatal to herself. If some stickler for historical accuracy suggested the delicacy of the situation, the Queen would say: "The Stuarts pretenders? Because of me? There is no question of *me*. You can't argue about that. But I'm talking of *them*." She adored Mary Stuart and had a proportionate dislike for Queen Elizabeth. Dean Stanley used to say that this last prejudice was unjust, because she was herself so very much like that sovereign in character. "When she faces you down with her 'It must be,'" he declared, "I don't know whether it is Victoria or Elizabeth who is speaking!"

The Queen greatly enjoyed her visits to foreign countries, and particularly

those to Italy. When she stayed in Florence she was eager to see every beautiful corner of the city, and to visit all the interesting churches. The difficulty which attended the inspection of the miraculous picture in the Annunziata added a peculiar zest to the permission which she ultimately received. The Queen was indirectly, but not the less deeply, influenced by the beauty and antiquity of her surroundings in Italy. It was the home of the music that she loved best. It represented the romance of art to her. She was extraordinarily interested in the system of the Misericordia, and quite put out by the success of her ladies-and gentlemen-in-waiting, who brought back news of having met the processions on their merciful errand. At last by dint of driving about and loitering in likely places, the long-wished-for meeting was effected. The Queen hastened home to report her good fortune to her ladies: "And the poor man was really *dead*," she exulted, "not merely wounded like yours!" She had tender scruples as to whether she ought to be drawn about the churches in her Bath chair; "I should hate them to think I was irreverent," she said. She was indefatigable in her choice of fresh views to rest before and admire, when she camped out for tea in Italy or France. In old days, as in the Highlands, she would sketch during these expeditions; but of late she had not attempted this.

The Queen had a great affection for the Italian language, and spoke it easily, though not as she spoke French. She gave herself quaint practice in this accomplishment. Never did an organ-grinder make his appearance near Osborne but, if the carriage met him, it had to be stopped, while the Queen conversed in Italian with the grinning musician, and enquired after the health of his monkey. She liked to hear the sound of the language, even in its least clas-

sic form, and Neapolitan singers in the street were quite irresistible to her. Something about the whole character of the Celtic and Latin races was sympathetic to her; she felt at home with their turns of temperament. She desired, almost passionately, to be loved by the Irish, and when she went to Dublin in 1890 she believed that they did love her. She felt the stimulus of success in pleasing, but she acknowledged that the work required of her was twice as great as it had been on her earlier visit. She did her very best to win the affection of the Irish, but the effort fatigued her much. She was carried through it all by her enjoyment of the wit and gaiety of the crowd. She kept on saying, "How I delight in the Irish!"

In closing this brief study of one of the most remarkable personalities of the nineteenth century, a few words must not be omitted dealing with the Queen's attitude towards her own regal position. No one ever accepted her fate with a graver or more complete conviction. It is possible that if her signature had been required to a declaration, on paper, of her belief in the divine right of kings, she would have thought it prudent to refuse to sign; but in her own heart she never questioned that she was the anointed

of the Lord, called by the most solemn warrant to rule a great nation in the fear of God. She was fond of the word "loyalty," but she used it in a sense less lax than that which it bears in the idle parlance of the day. When the Queen spoke of her subjects as "loyal," she meant it in the mediæval sense. The relation was not, in her eyes, voluntary or sentimental, but imperative. If she had been a wicked or a foolish woman, it would have been very sad; but the duty of obedience would, in her idea, have been the same. Subjects must be "loyal;" if they loved their sovereign, so much the better for them and for her, but affection was not essential. In her phraseology this constantly peeped out—"I, the Queen," "my people," "my soldiers." She regarded herself professionally, as the pivot round which the whole machine of state revolves. This sense, this perhaps even chimerical conviction of her own indispensability, greatly helped to keep her on her lofty plane of dally, untiring duty. And gradually she hypnotized the public imagination, so that at last, in defiance of the theories of historic philosophers, the nation accepted the Queen's view of her own functions, and tacitly concluded with her that she ruled, a consecrated monarch, by Right Divine.

The Quarterly Review.

THE BURDEN OF STRENGTH.

If that thou hast the gift of strength, then know
Thy part is to uplift the trodden low;
Else in a giant's grasp until the end
A hopeless wrestler shall thy soul contend.

From "A Reading of Life."

George Meredith.

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

XIX.

AN IMPOTENT CONCLUSION.

Mabel was not far wrong in coming to the conclusion that Fitz's participation in Daffadar Sultan Jan's reconnaissance had been decided upon before his interview with her. Colonel Graham's choice had fallen upon him less for any merits he possessed than on account of his personal appearance. It could not be said that he outshone the other men in coolness or courage, and in knowledge of the surrounding country Winlock, at any rate, was his equal, but the determining point in his favor was the fact which his friends, dancing with rage the while, were forced to acknowledge, that he made up detestably well as a native. From his Irish mother he had inherited the Spanish type of coloring often found in Connaught and western Munster, large dark eyes, black hair, and a skin so smooth and sallow that very little assistance from art was needed to assimilate it to the comparatively light tint prevalent among the frontier tribes. There were difficulties at first with Sultan Jan, who had once saved Haycraft's life in a border skirmish, and had constituted himself a kind of nursing father to him ever since. He rejected with scorn the idea of taking any but his own particular Sahib with him on his perilous journey, until it was pointed out to him that this would almost certainly involve the death of both. Haycraft's fair hair, gray eyes, and sun-reddened complexion made it impossible to disguise him satisfactorily, and the old man yielded the point

ungraciously enough, when he had seen Fitz in native dress.

A noted freebooter in his unregenerate days, Sultan Jan had never found it easy to submit his own will to that of his military superiors. Belonging to a powerful tribe across the border, he had been the terror of the outlying British districts, until one of General Keeling's lieutenants induced him first to come into a conference, and then to join the regiment.

The difficulty of adapting himself to his new conditions of life operated to prevent him from rising to any higher rank than that of Daffadar, but he was a power in his troop, which was now largely composed of his nephews and cousins of many varying degrees. Haycraft would say sometimes that he was entirely devoid of the moral sense, and that his regard for the honor of the regiment was not wholly to be depended upon as a substitute, but as no one knew exactly what this condemnation implied, his brother-officers generally put it down to liver. One thing was certain, that Sultan Jan's faithfulness to his salt admitted of no doubt since he had on occasion assisted in inflicting punishment upon his own tribe for various raids, and there were special reasons for anticipating his success in the adventure he was undertaking. The scheme, indeed, had been somewhat modified in accordance with his views, since Colonel Graham's first intention had been for his messenger to turn southwards, and cross the desert into the settled territory. Sultan Jan recommended a dash for Fort Rahmat-Ullah instead, pointing out that if he and his companion

chose a dark night for their start, they might swim a considerable distance down the canal, supporting themselves on inflated skins. When beyond the enemy's farthest outposts, they could strike across the desert to the north, thus reaching the mountains, with every pass and track of which he was familiar. By certain little-known paths they could then make their way to Rahmat-Ullah, where there would be the chance of discovering what was going on in the outside world, as well as of representing the hard plight of the defenders of Allbad. In returning, they might, if opportunity offered, acquaint themselves with the enemy's dispositions nearer home.

The hour, and even the night appointed for the start were kept a profound secret from all but those immediately concerned, lest information should in any way be conveyed to the enemy, and it was not until a whole day had passed without a visit from Fitz, that the dwellers in the Memsahibs' courtyard made up their minds that he was actually gone. Mabel, sitting in the safest of the four verandas, with the baby in her arms, looked up anxiously when Flora came to tell her that Fred Haycraft allowed they were right in their surmise.

"Oh, poor Mr. Anstruther!" she said. "I do hope he won't get hurt. I should feel so dreadfully guilty if anything happened to him."

"You needn't, then," said Flora bluntly, as Mabel stopped short, remembering that she had not intended to make public her compact with Fitz. "His going has nothing whatever to do with you. He was chosen as the most suitable man all round, that's all. Fred said so."

This was hardly to be borne. "I didn't mean to tell you," said Mabel, with dignity, "but I asked him to go that he might make inquiries about Dick."

"Oh!" cried Flora, suddenly enlightened; "then Fred was right after all, and you have broken off your engagement. I would never have believed—"

"I really don't see why you should think that."

"Why, because, you couldn't very well be engaged to two people at once."

"I am not engaged to anybody," very haughtily.

"Not to Mr. Anstruther?"

"Certainly not."

"And yet you make him run this awful risk for the sake of your brother? Oh, nonsense! he knows he will get his reward when he comes back."

"You don't seem to understand," coldly, "that some men are willing to do things without hope of reward. Since I have told you so much, I may as well say that if Mr. Anstruther chooses to ask me to marry him when he comes back, he will do it knowing that I shall refuse him again."

"Again?" cried Flora. "Would you like to know what I think of you? Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't, but I am going to tell you. If you happened to be plain—but no, if you were a plain woman you wouldn't find any one to do this sort of thing for you—if you were any one but Queen Mab, people would say you were absolutely *mean*! It's simply and solely the celebrated smile that makes you able to do these horrid things, and you presume upon it."

"Oh, don't, please!" entreated Mabel.

"That's Dick's word."

The tables were turned, and Flora became the criminal instead of the avenger of justice. She had seized upon one of Mabel's dearest memories with which to taunt her, and she was silent for very shame. It tended to deepen her remorse that Mabel betrayed no anger, only a gentle forbearance that cut the accuser to the quick.

"You don't understand," she said sadly, "and I don't know that I understand it myself. You wouldn't wish

me to marry Mr. Anstruther if I don't care for him, would you? and he wouldn't wish it either. But could I lose a chance of saving Dick because of that? It's not as if I had pretended to give him any hope. I spoke perfectly plainly, and he quite sees how it is."

"But you must care for him a little," broke out Flora, "when he is willing to do such a thing for you without any reward. Oh, you do, don't you?"

"No," said Mabel slowly, "I'm sure I don't. If I did, I couldn't have let him go."

"Oh yes," cried Flora hopefully, "for Mrs. North's sake, and your brother's, you could give him up."

Mabel shook her head. "I like him very much," she said, "but I don't want to marry him."

"Now that's what I say is being mean!" cried Flora. "You get all you want out of him, and offer him nothing in return, because he is generous enough to work without payment. He has made himself too cheap."

"Well, I am very sorry, but I don't see how I can help it. If I want things done, and he is willing to do them on my conditions, would you have me refuse?"

"Did your Browning studies with the Commissioner ever take you as far as the story of the lady and the glove?" asked Flora suddenly. "The knight fetched her glove out of the lion's den, you know, and then threw it in her face. Mr. Anstruther would never do anything so rude, but I should really love to advise him to try how you would feel towards him after a little wholesome neglect."

"Mr. Anstruther is a gentleman," said Mabel, growing red.

"And you trade upon that, too! Oh, Mab, you don't deserve to have a nice man in love with you. It would serve you right if a William the Conqueror sort of person came, and urged his suit with a horsewhip."

"You are so absurd, Flora. I do wish you wouldn't bother. I don't want to marry any one, if you would only believe it. I'm quite satisfied as I am," and Mabel rose with a flushed face and carried the baby indoors.

That day and the next passed without any news of the adventurers, but on the second night after their departure the sentries on the south rampart were startled by a hail which seemed to come from the canal. The moon had long set, and no figures could be distinguished in the misty darkness, but again the cry came, weak and quavering, as if uttered by a man all but exhausted. The listening sowars grew pale, and whispered fearfully that the murdered irrigation official, Western, whose body had been thrown by the enemy into the canal at the beginning of the siege, was claiming the funeral rites of which he had been deprived. The whisper soon reached the ears of Woodworth, who was on duty, and rating the men heartily for their foolishness, he went down at once to the water-gate. Here, clinging to the poles which sustained the canvas screen placed to protect the water-carriers, they found Fitz, barely able to speak, supporting Sultan Jan's head on his shoulder. The old man, who was covered with wounds and quite insensible, was partially upheld by the inflated skin to which he was tied, but his helplessness had obliged Fitz to propel the skin before him as he swam. It was with the greatest difficulty that the many willing helpers succeeded in dragging the two men, one almost as powerless as the other, up the steps and in at the gate, and when they were safely inside, both were carried at once to the hospital, and delivered over to the care of Dr. Tighe. The news of their return spread through the fort as soon as it was light, but it was not until evening, when

Haycraft came into the inner courtyard after a visit to the hospital, that the ladies learned anything of the adventures they had met with.

"I haven't seen much of Anstruther," he said, in answer to the eager questions which greeted him. "He was only allowed to talk for a few minutes, and of course it was important that the Colonel should hear all that he had to tell, but I have a message for you, Miss North. He could not discover anything to justify Mrs. North's belief that the Major is still alive. The few men to whom he ventured to put a question were positive that neither Bahram Khan nor the Amir have any white prisoners, and he believes they were speaking the truth."

"Oh dear! I was so hoping—" sighed Mabel. "But of course he could not help it."

"Help it? Scarcely. He has done wonders as it is. I have just been hearing all about it from Sultan Jan, who was frantic lest he should die before he could tell his story. The doctor said it would do the old fellow less harm to talk than to lie there fuming, so I heard the whole thing and took notes just to satisfy him."

"Oh, do tell us what they did," cried Mabel and Flora together.

"Well, things seem to have panned out all right just at first. They got past the enemy's outposts, and swam a good bit farther before they thought it safe to take to dry land. When they had let the air out of their skins they hid them on the opposite bank of the canal, so as to throw any one who found them off the scent, and swam over. They managed to get across the desert before it was light, so that they were not seen, but in the mountains, where they expected to find everything smooth, their troubles began. They were scouting awfully carefully, and yet they all but dropped into a pleasant party of Sultan Jan's own tribesmen."

"But why was that a trouble?" interrupted Flora. "I should have thought it was the best thing that could happen to them."

"Flora is just a little bit apt to jump at conclusions," said Haycraft, in a stage aside to Mabel, and dodged dexterously the palm-leaf fan which Flora threw at him. "If she would just consider that Sultan Jan's tribe are fighting for Bahram Khan, she would see that family relations might possibly be a little strained if they met. Well, nearly the whole day our two fellows dodged about among the hills, trying to find a path which was not guarded, but there wasn't one. You see the tribe know the locality as well as Sultan Jan does, and they have picketed all the passes for the benefit of any traders who may come by. So at night our men slipped down into the desert again and struck out for Rahmat-Ullah by that route. But the level ground was dangerous owing to a few other bodies of Bahram Khan's adherents, who don't dare dispute the mountain paths with the hillmen, but keep their eyes open for anything that may come their way. After avoiding two or three lots of them with difficulty, Sultan Jan suggested that they should take a short rest in a cave that he knew of, and go on again when the moon set. Unfortunately the cave had occurred to other people as a nice place for a night's lodging, and before they had been asleep very long, they were waked by the arrival of a whole party of belated travellers, some of the very fellows they had escaped just before. Why, Miss North—"

"No, no, it's nothing. Please go on," said Mabel, who had shuddered violently.

"Old Sultan Jan had all his wits about him, and cried out at once that he and his son had quarrelled with their tribe, and were coming to Alibad to take service with Bahram Khan.

The other men cross-questioned them a good deal, but finding nothing suspicious in their answers, agreed to bring them with them to Alibad in the morning. Of course it was a blow not being able to go on to Rahmat-Ullah, but they didn't mind so much when they found out from their own friends that the people there are practically as much besieged as we are. The tribes have given up attempting to rush the place, but they hold the passes, and it's impossible for the fellows in the fort to force them until there's a relieving column ready to co-operate at the other end."

"But what about the relieving column?" broke in Flora. "Is it never coming?"

"In the course of a few centuries, I suppose. There seems to be the usual transport difficulty, to judge by the way the tribesmen are chortling over the loss of time. Of course Anstruther and Sultan Jan made good use of their ears, and learned all they could without asking suspicious questions. In the morning they started off with their fellow-lodgers in this direction, and I must say I don't envy their feelings. If they had happened to meet one of Sultan Jan's tribe, it would have been all up. However, the lack of discipline among Bahram Khan's supporters stood them in good stead. It seems that the permanent investing force here consists only of his personal followers and a detachment of the Nalapur army, which the Amir has made as small as he dares, and would like to recall altogether. All the rest—the tribesmen and robber bands—start off whenever they like to raid along the frontier, just leaving representatives in the town to see how things go, so as to make sure of not missing their share in the loot when this place falls. There's one good thing—they'll have established such a sweet reputation among the country-people that we

shan't have much trouble in hunting them down when the rising is over."

"Aren't you counting your chickens a little too soon?" asked Mabel, with a rather strained smile. "And we are forgetting—"

"Our two fellows? So we are. I'm an awful chap for wandering away from the point. Well, they found Bahram Khan established in the court-house, which was in a horrible state of squalor, overlaid with a little cheap magnificence. He received them with every appearance of friendliness, though they were certain he suspected them. They had nothing to go upon, for he treated them royally, and promised them both posts in his bodyguard, but they felt sure there was something. They expected to be denounced every minute, but he was too wily for that. Before letting them go to their quarters at night, he informed them confidentially that he had just finished constructing a mine reaching from General Keeling's house to our east curtain, and that it was to be exploded the next day. They should form part of the storming-party and have the honor of going first. Of course they pretended to accept with tremendous delight, but he had got them in an awful fix. There was just the one hope that the mine did not really exist at all, but when they asked the rest about it, they were shown the entrance, though they were not allowed to go down into it, because of the explosives put ready there, the fellows said. I think myself, and so does Runcorn, that the soil is much too light for them to be able to dig such a length of tunnel without its falling in, and that we must have heard them at work if they had got as near as they make out, but of course Anstruther dared not trust to the chance. He didn't venture to speak to Sultan Jan, but they managed to give each other a look which meant that they must get away and warn us. Of

course that was just what Bahram Khan had been counting upon, and they found that their quarters for the night were in the stables belonging to the court-house, where all their new comrades slept. There were sentries in the yard in front, which looked as if something was expected to happen. Anstruther and Sultan Jan had one of the stalls to themselves, and as soon as ever the rest seemed to be asleep, they set to work to dig through the wall with their daggers, one working and the other lying so as to screen him from the sentry, or any one else who might look in. Just before they broke through, it struck them to ask one another what was on the other side. They knew there was a lane at the back of the stables, but would they come out into the full moonlight or the shadow, and was there another sentry there? After listening carefully, they settled that there wasn't a sentry, but they couldn't decide upon the moonlight, so they had to chance it. While Sultan Jan dug away the mud bricks, Anstruther was heaping up the straw they had been lying upon to hide the hole, and arranging their *poshteens*¹ to look as if they were still there. Happily, when they got through, they were on the dark side of the lane. They crept out, and built up the hole again as well as they could from the outside. It was awfully nervous work, for a patrol might come along at any minute. But at last they were able to be off. They wriggled along in the shadow, and Sultan Jan led the way towards the east side of the town. Of course it was a fearful round, but they couldn't risk passing the enemy's headquarters again. The moon bothered them horribly, for they knew that until it set there was no hope, even if they got to the canal safely, of passing the outpost at the old go-downs on the bank. They

got to the desert all right through the by-lanes, and made tracks for the point at which they had landed two nights before, but to get to it they had to pass the house of one of the Hindu canal-officials, who seems to have been left in possession in return for doing some sort of dirty work for Bahram Khan. There was a dog which made a row, and the Hindu came out and caught them. Sultan Jan wanted to kill him, but Anstruther wouldn't hear of it, so they asked for a night's lodging in one of the out-buildings, intending, of course, to slip away as soon as he was gone to bed again. But he insisted on bringing out food and sat up talking to them, while they were agonizing to get rid of him. And all the time he must have sent some one to the town to give the alarm, for suddenly he changed countenance and got confused as he talked, and they looked at the door and there were Bahram Khan's men. In a moment they were in the thick of a tremendous rough-and-tumble fight. There was no room inside the hut to use rifles, but both sides had daggers, and the enemy tulwars. Anstruther says he fought mostly with his fists, and the enemy seemed to think that wasn't fair, for pretty soon they began to give him a wide berth. Just as he got out of the scrimmage Sultan Jan went down, and in falling knocked over the lamp and put it out. The enemy devoted their attention to one another for some little time before they saw what had happened, and then they started to find Anstruther. He was standing up, perfectly quiet, against the side of the hut, and he says it nearly turned his brain to hear the fellows feeling for him in the dark, while he knew that his only hope was not to move. They didn't find him—actually! but they found the Hindu instead. He had been hiding in a corner in his fright, and they killed him,

¹ Sheepskin-lined coats.

and having accounted for two thought they had done their business. They didn't stop to mutilate the bodies, apparently because there was a false alarm in the town just then. You know one of our men let off his rifle by mistake last night, and we noticed that the enemy seemed a good deal disturbed. Well, there was Anstruther left in the hut with what he believed to be Sultan Jan's dead body. And this is what the old man can't get over. He wouldn't leave him to be cut up by those swine, but dragged him down to the canal, and when he had fetched over one of the skins and blown it out, tied him on to it, and started to swim up here. But as soon as the cold water touched Sultan Jan's wounds, he revived, and was able to put one arm round Anstruther's neck, and so make it a little easier for him. But it was tremendous—simply tremendous, and if ever any man deserved the V.C., Anstruther does, though I suppose he won't get it, being merely a poor wretch of a civilian."

"Why, Mab!" cried Flora, for Mabel had risen suddenly. Her eyes were dilated and her cheeks flushed, and she looked more beautiful than the others had ever seen her. They almost expected her to break out into an impassioned eulogy of Fitz's achievement, but the sight of their astonishment seemed to recall her to herself, and she faltered and grew crimson.

"Oh, it's too splendid!" she stammered. "I—I can't bear it," and they heard a sob as she rushed away.

"I say!" remarked Haycraft, with meaning in his tone.

"Fred!" responded Flora, in a voice of such crushing severity that he hastened to apologize, and to assure her that he had not meant anything.

"Of course not. Why should you mean anything?" demanded Flora.

"Oh no, naturally. There was nothing that should make any one mean

anything," he said lamely; whereupon as a reward for his docility, Flora assured him that she had great hopes that everything would come right, and when it did he should know all about it, but that if he went and fancied things and made trouble, she would never speak to him again.

"All right. Henceforth I am blind and deaf and dumb," he declared.

"That's right. When you can't do anything to help, at least you needn't spoil things. Oh, but that reminds me, Fred. I am not blind and deaf, you know. Is it true that Mr. Beardmore is dead, as the servants say?"

"Yes, poor chap! and it was only last night that we were chaffing him about being seedy. He was so perfectly happy looking after the stores, you know, and we said he couldn't bear to think that he would soon have to write to the Colonel, 'Sir, I have the honor to report that the last ounce of food has been distributed according to instructions. Please send further orders.' His occupation would be gone, you see."

"Yes," said Flora absently; "but, Fred—only last night? That's fearfully sudden. Was it—is it true that it was—cholera?"

"Hush!" said Haycraft looking round apprehensively, "you mustn't let it get about. If it's once suspected that cholera has broken out, we shall have the natives dying like flies of sheer terror. And there's no occasion for panic. It was the poor fellow's own fault—a case of the ruling passion you know. He was mad to make the stores last out as long as possible, and there were a lot of tins that Tighe condemned as unfit for food. Beardmore was certain they were all right, and backed his opinion by trying one—with this result. But you see how it is. There's no reason for any one else to be frightened."

"I'm glad you told me," was Flora's

only answer, "for now I can help to keep it from the rest."

"You're a trump, Flo! I'd share a secret with you as soon as with any man I know." And with this unromantic tribute Flora was wholly satisfied.

Mabel had rushed away to her own room, and was now lying sobbing upon her bed, with her face pressed tightly into the pillow, lest any sound should reach Georgia's ears through the thin partition. At this moment even the news of the outbreak of cholera would not have disquieted her, for she had other things to think of. It seemed to her that a veil had been suddenly removed from her eyes, with the result that for the first time she saw Fitz Anstruther as he really was. "That boy," as she had been wont to call him, with friendly, half-contemptuous patronage, was a hero. He had gloried in making himself generally useful to Dick and Georgia, doing anything that needed doing, and expecting no praise for it. Mabel herself had made a slave of him—a willing slave, undoubtedly, for he had entered into all her whims with a ready zest, not merely submitting to them, but furthering them. Why was this? Not because he was fit for nothing better than humoring her fancies, as she had been inclined to think, but because that was the way in which he had deliberately chosen to do her homage. It was because he loved her. Had he chosen he could have beaten down her defences long ago, but his love knew itself so strong that it could afford to wait. It refused to accept defeat, but it responded to her appeal for mercy. Mabel sprang up from her bed and began to walk about the room. She could not be still.

"Oh, how can he? how can he?" she demanded of herself. "To care for me so tremendously after the way I have treated him—a man who can do such splendid things! How can I ever meet him? I daren't face him. He'll guess.

I should be too dreadfully ashamed to let him know I have changed so suddenly. It seemed to come all at once. Oh, why didn't I care for him a little before? why did I say those awful things to him only the other day? why did I even let Flora see what a mean wretch I was? She said herself that I was mean. And now they'll all think it's just because he deserves the V.C. that I care for him, and it's not. It isn't what he did, but what he is—but no one will believe it. He has been quite as splendid all the time, and I never saw it; and when he speaks to me again, he'll think that I—I am different to him just because he didn't leave Sultan Jan to die. As if that signified! It's—it's simply because he cares for me that I care for him."

These considerations, deduced though they might be with a certain degree of inconsistency, made Mabel sit down in despair to think the matter out. First of all, how was she to nerve herself to meet Fitz again? and next how was he to be brought to perceive the delicate distinction, that she loved him not because he had done a great thing, but because the doing of it had revealed his real self to her?

"I know," she said to herself at last; "I will meet him just as usual. I think I have pride and self-respect enough left for that, and when he speaks to me again I won't accept him at once. I won't refuse him again, of course, or at any rate, not definitely. I will be kinder and give him a little hope. Then he will feel at liberty to try again," she laughed nervously; "and I can give in by degrees, so that he will understand how it really is. Oh dear! how glad I am that he made that condition the other day."

For two or three days she waited impatiently, unable to carry out her plan, for Dr. Tighe announced loudly that he was keeping Fitz a prisoner in hospital, and that he found him a perfect angel

of a patient, not fussing a bit to be out before it was safe to let him go. Mabel received the statement with secret incredulity, judging of Fitz's feelings by her own, and when she did see him next, the meeting proved grievously disappointing. On the first day of his convalescence Mrs. Hardy invited him to tea in the inner courtyard, with the special intimation that his mission there was to cheer up the inmates, and he did his duty nobly. The tea was very weak and without milk, and Anand Masih, with shamefaced reluctance, handed round a few broken biscuits—the last that could be mustered—in his mistress's shining silver basket.

It wounded his hospitable soul to see guests invited to a Barmecide feast, and when Mrs. Hardy alluded pleasantly to the care he showed in keeping everything nice, he was covered with confusion.

Fitz, decorated in several places with bandages and sticking-plaster, was the life of the party. He was particularly amusing on the subject of the stores, which came naturally to the front, since the rations had been reduced that day in consequence of the deficiency caused by the unsoundness of some of the tinned provisions, of which Haycraft had spoken to Flora. Mabel sat listening with an impatience that was almost disgust, to his funny stories of sieges and the shifts to which other besieged garrisons had been put—stories so palpably absurd, that they could not shed any additional gloom on the present situation. Then he turned upon Rahah, who came out of Georgia's room, followed by her inseparable companion, the great Persian cat. She had brought the baby for Fitz to see, with her mistress's compliments, and was not the Baba Sahib grown?

"I'm looking with wolfish eyes at that cat of yours, ayah," he said, after

duly admiring the baby. "Some morning you will find it gone."

"Then the Dipty Sahib will be found shot by Ismail Bakhsh," said Rahah, unmoved.

"Why, you don't mean to say you would have me killed for trying to get one good meal? You shouldn't keep the animal so fat if you don't want it stolen, you know. What do you feed it on—rats?"

"The cat shares with me, sahib."

"Well, that's very noble of you, I'm sure; but it would really be safer for the poor thing if you let it shift for itself."

"No one will eat the cat but my Memsahib," said Rahah severely. "When there is no food left, it will preserve her life for two or three days, and that is why I feed it with my own ration, sahib."

She departed with dignity, and the rest did not dare to laugh until she was out of hearing. Then Fitz took the lead in the conversation again, and talked away until Dr. Tighe appeared suddenly and haled him back to the hospital. Mabel was disappointed—bitterly disappointed. She had felt certain that he would perceive a change in her, even while she scouted the idea of allowing him to divine the cause of it, but he had not seemed to think of her at all. However, he imagined, no doubt, that he was consulting her wishes by ignoring their compact altogether, and she consoled herself with thinking that things would be different to-morrow. But they were not. Day after day Fitz paid his afternoon visit to the courtyard, rattled away to Flora or Mrs. Hardy or herself, and seemed to desire nothing more. She was puzzled. Could it be that he had actually forgotten their agreement, perhaps as a result of some injury to his brain? But no; it was evident that his mind was as clear as ever. What was it, then? Had he

determined during those long hours in the hospital, to crush down and root out the love which had met with so poor a return? Had her change of feeling come too late? Or, worst of all, had he seen her character too clearly in that last interview—had she shown herself in such colors of hardness and ingratitude that he had now no desire to ask his question again? Mabel writhed under the thought. Her one consolation now was in the assurance that he had not perceived the change in her. She would die rather than let him know that her heart had warmed towards him as his had cooled towards her; and yet—such is the inconsistency of human nature—she felt it would kill her to go on in this way, and she did not wish to die just yet. Even when he was alone with her, there was nothing lover-like in his manner, and she felt bitterly that the tables were turned. It was she who now listened in vain for any softening in his voice, who longed to be allowed to do things for him, and could not, for very shame, offer her services. At first she was piqued by his behavior, then hurt, at last made thoroughly miserable; but she flattered herself that she hid her trouble from the world, at least as well as Fitz had hitherto contrived to hide his. For this reason it was a blow to discover one day that Mrs. Hardy, who had been exclusively occupied with Georgia for some time, was now at leisure to think of other people's affairs. She opened her attack without the slightest warning beforehand.

"I don't like to see you looking so doleful, Miss North," she said briskly, finding Mabel sitting idle, in a somewhat disconsolate attitude.

"Why, do you think all our circumstances are so bright that I ought to be cheerful too?" asked Mabel, roused to defend herself. Mrs. Hardy looked at her critically.

"It's not circumstances that are wrong in your case; it's yourself. You needn't try to blind me. Think of poor Mrs. North. Do you ever see her looking doleful, or hear a murmur from her? No; because she persists in being cheerful for the child's sake and ours. You have spirit enough, too, to be bright before other people, but when you are alone you drop the mask. Can you deny it?"

"At least I don't drop the mask until I think I am alone." The emphasis was marked.

"Now don't be angry with me for having my eyes open. I only want to see you happy. Why, child, you needn't be afraid to confide in me; I have lived a good deal longer than you, and seen about ten times as much. You're not the first person that has done a foolish thing in a hasty moment, and been sorry for it afterwards."

"I—I don't know what you mean," stammered Mabel.

"Why, dear me! what a pity it is to see two people going on at cross-purposes like this! Can't you bring yourself to let him know you're sorry? He's a proud man, we all know that, but he won't be proud to you. Why, he is suffering as much as you are, and the least word from you would bring him back."

"It never struck me that pride had anything to do with it," said Mabel, surprised.

"That's where a looker-on can see more than you do. Now don't you be proud either. I suppose he made too much of his authority over you, and you were angry and insisted on giving him back his ring—"

"His ring?" gasped Mabel.

"Well, you are not wearing it, so I presume you gave it back. Now, just let me hint to him in the very most delicate way in the world, of course, that you miss that ring from your finger, and trust me, it will be back there

before another hour is over, and you and he both as happy as—"

But to Mrs. Hardy's astonishment and indignation, Mabel burst into a

wild peal of laughter. "Oh, you mean *that!*" she cried. "Why, that happened centuries ago. I had forgotten all about it!"

The Argosy.

(To be continued.)

THE ART OF FICTION MADE EASY.

It happened the other evening, when we were in company with some ingenious gentlemen, that the conversation turned on the subject of literature. Literature, be it noted, to most gentlemen, however ingenious, means nothing more or less than the few novels which happen to have been latest published and read, or possibly not read, for men may talk with a more open mind when their judgment is not warped by the prejudice of knowledge. Our conversation, then, was entirely connected with the fiction of the hour, and we certainly shall not quarrel with the reader if he is now convinced that our conversation was not worth recording, for indeed it was not and we should not dream of troubling him with it. In its course, however, one or two remarks were passed which have since remained in our memory, not so much for their intrinsic value as for the trains of thought which they naturally suggest. One gentleman, who was standing with an air of large-hearted proprietorship before the fire, took upon himself the somewhat difficult duty of settling the relation of the general public to fiction, and we are bound to say he acquitted himself of it lightly enough. "In this connection," he said, "there is no such thing as a general public; mankind in its relation to novels is divisible into three classes; those (and they are the largest class) who write novels and do not read them,

otherwise known as authors; those who read them and do not write them, of whom it is safe to conjecture that at least half will eventually remove into the first class; and lastly those who neither read novels nor write them; they are the critics, whose reviews are so helpful to us in choosing a course of holiday reading."

As we know, there are some who would even speak disrespectfully of the equator, therefore it is hardly necessary to dissect this sweeping summary into its primordial inaccuracies, and hang the atoms up for public derision. The omniscience of an evening is soon forgotten, and in the gray light of the following morning its possessor is again the ordinary ignorant mortal whose opinions are founded dutifully upon his daily paper. But these remarks are not without a certain suggestiveness. The number of novels put forth yearly for the consideration of a patient world is enough to make the brain reel and the heart grow sick, if, that is to say, one is conscientious enough to desire to keep level with the conversational times. Conscience, however is daily becoming less esteemed; it may be compared to an aching tooth which arouses in the sufferer only one wish, to kill the nerve. So, we suppose it has come about that after a long course of conscience-killing man looks with indifference on the output of novels with which he can never hope to

keep pace, even to so slight an extent as to know most of them by name. Perhaps, too, he has another source of consolation. He may have written, be writing, or intend to write one himself.

This, of course, puts the whole matter in a very different light, for it makes all other novels seem to him small and unimportant, trivial matters in no way connected with his own world. A Greek philosopher gave it as his opinion that "Man is the measure of himself;" we think that this statement reversed, "The measure of himself is man," though doubtless less philosophical, is a good deal more true to life; for, after all, what really interests a man is that which concerns himself, and no less true is the opposite, what concerns a man is that which interests him.

If then this source of consolation be admitted, it remains to be considered how large a number are benefited by it. We will not definitely state our own opinion on the matter, as it is highly inartistic to deal violent blows unexpectedly; more subtly we will put a question to the reader, which he may answer to himself without prejudice. Has he ever had an acquaintance whom he has not at some time suspected of a tendency to fiction, of the intention or desire, that is to say, of some day achieving fame and fortune by means of a novel? We fancy he will be hard put to it to answer in the affirmative, if his experience has been in any way comparable with our own. The bad habit of writing is not now the cherished property of the few; it is part of the natural equipment of the many, whether it actually results in a book or not. It is not improbable that the time-honored natal endowment of the silver spoon will shortly be set aside as out of date, and that a gold nib will be substituted, or some other emblem indicative of the infant's future brilliancy as a writer.

The next remark, which we will permit ourselves to quote, came from the youngest member of the company. In the pleasing vernacular of the rising generation he said that a certain novel was "jolly rotten." Pressed to explain, he said that the characters were "a lot of dummies" with about as much life as "my hat," while the grammar and style were "awful," and the plot "as old as the Ark." The book which he anathematized with such discriminating nicety, is one of the sort that is advertised by publishers as "A strong story, brightly written, holds the interest from the first page to the last." It is, in short, a typical modern novel, no better and no worse than hundreds of others. Doubtless our young friend did not choose his words as carefully as he probably would have chosen them if he had been writing a review of the work in question; but making allowances for the force of modern speech, we are bound to say that his judgment was not at fault, and that the book of which we were speaking is "jolly rotten." We are compelled to go further, since we have said that it is typical, and to apply this hearty criticism to the whole class to which it belongs, that is to say, to the great majority of modern popular novels.

This will possibly shock susceptibilities of one kind and another, but what else are we to say of these lamentable productions? And how could they for the most part be other than lamentable, when we find the whole world turning author? It has come out at last, though we said a little while ago that we would not give our opinion. The trouble is that everybody, fit or unfit, wise or foolish, learned or ignorant, thinks himself or herself capable of writing a novel; and worse still, is not content with the gratifying thought but is at once eager to put it to the proof. The result is the hundreds of "jolly rotten"

novels aforesaid; books uninstructed with information or imagination, unrelieved by a ghost of humor or a gleam of intelligence.

But concerning the badness of the average novel, we have said enough. Indeed it is only the profound sadness with which the subject inspires us, that has moved us to say so much. Since there is no help for it, we bear our affliction, with fortitude we trust, at least with resignation. Nor are we altogether without hope for the future. It has been borne in upon us that there is a small band of devoted workers who have set themselves the immense task of teaching the aspiring novelist how to write. Surely this is a sign that people are waking up to the fact that, to write a novel at all satisfactorily, an author must have certain qualifications, such, for instance, as a rudimentary knowledge of the English language; we do not for our own part insist upon anything so abstruse as a plot, or characters that have at least some elements of human nature in their composition.

The most recent effort in this direction that we have seen bears the imposing, yet simple, title "How to Write a Novel: a Practical Guide to the Art of Fiction;" and we learn that it forms part of the How To series, a name which is also simple, if not imposing, and certainly most suggestive for a series. The writer, who is veiled under a modest anonymity, offers some excellent advice to those who propose to set about writing novels; people who no doubt, if left alone, would produce one of the ordinary popular novels, "strong stories, brightly written," of which we have heard. It also contains some interesting information and a great deal of quotation. For the world turned author we imagine it will be a most helpful and stimulating guide. The avowed position of the writer seems to be, briefly, that he cannot teach people to

tell a good story, but if they can contribute their own story, good, bad or indifferent, he can teach them to tell it grammatically and logically; he can "increase the power of the telling and change it from crude and ineffective methods to those which reach the apex of developed art." To this Izaak Walton would have said "all excellent good;" we can at least say that it is much better than nothing. The ensuring of grammar and the avoidance of logical absurdity would be a great point gained, and would tend to make many novels if not readable, at least not entirely unreadable. We wish the author every success.

As we turn over the pages of the book we come across some pieces of advice which seem wonderfully apt for would-be authors of "strong stories." In a chapter on "Pitfalls" there are several, of which we will take one on that most enthralling subject, society.

Perhaps your novel will take the reader into aristocratic circles. Pray do not make the attempt if you are not thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs of such circles. Ignorance will surely betray you, and in describing a dinner, or an "At Home" you will raise derisive laughter by suggesting the details of a most impossible meal, or spoil your heroine by making her guilty of atrocious etiquette. The remedy is close at hand; *know your subject.*

We cannot too warmly recommend the principle of this advice, but surely there might conceivably be difficulties about the last injunction. Some people are so exclusive. The young author might of course find it worth his while to call on the nearest duchess while she was giving a dinner-party in order to get his local color right; but it might, we suspect, be also worth his while to cast about for an invitation first, or failing that to let himself out as a waiter. Perhaps the latter course

would be the better, as giving more facility for observation.

Under the heading of "Topography and Geography" our author says:

Should you depict a lover's scene in India, take care not to describe it as occurring in "beautiful twilight." It is quite possible to know that darkness follows sunset, and yet to forget it in the moment of writing; but a good writer is never caught "napping" in these matters. If you don't know India, choose Cairo, about which, after half-a-dozen lengthened visits, you can speak with certainty.

This is good and sound, but surely he rates our intelligence somewhat low. We think we could undertake to say whether there was any twilight in Cairo after one visit, and that need be no very long one; after six we could speak with certainty on many other things besides twilight, on the appearance of the moon in that city, for instance. Can one lover make a scene? In a sense he could, of course, and a very unpleasant one, too, if he found a third party interfering with what our cheerful young critic would call "his best girl."

But we will not trespass further on the field of his didactic. It will be more within our own province if we venture to cull one or two flowers from his well-ordered garden of illustration. There is a most entertaining chapter on "How Authors Work," which shows us that the methods of the great novelists are at least as various as their styles, and that the embryo author who endeavored to combine them would soon come to an early grave; the grave might even be his portion if he tried to imitate some of them. If he proposes, for instance, to live by his pen, it would never do for him to follow the admirable example of Mr. Bret Harte who "has been known to pass days and weeks on a short story or poem before he was ready to deliver it into the

hands of the printer." Death in this case might be slow, but it would certainly be sure, as from the nature of things man can only exist for a certain time without more solid food than a short story or poem.

Most of the authors who are quoted in this book work, or worked, according to the inspiration of the moment, which is perhaps the most satisfactory method, if the author ever has such moments. Anthony Trollope, however, seems to have been thoroughly conscientious. He allowed himself a certain space of time for the completion of a book and entered the amount which he had written every day in a diary marked for that purpose. We know something of this plan, as we once tried it ourselves. The only drawback that we can remember was that the manipulation of the diary (ruling it neatly in red ink, counting the words already written, and so on) took so much time, that we had to devote every other day to it, and we doubt whether we gained very much. Continued practice, however, might have made us more expert, for we confess that we did not give it a very long trial. As it was, if our memory does not fail us, the novel and the diary expired together on the fourth day.

"Ouida writes in the early morning. She gets up at five o'clock, and before she begins works herself up into a sort of literary trance." This is extremely interesting, for this literary trance explains a good many things hitherto not revealed to us, as, for example, how it came about that a pretty lady (in the delectable tale of "Strathmore") was enabled to accomplish the unusual feat of casting her opponent's queen at chess; and how again Chandos, the incomparable Chandos, suffered himself to be crowned (to be sure it was by another pretty lady) with roses drenched in burgundy without a thought for his shirt-collar. The only other instance

of a writer working in a literary trance that we can recall at the moment, is where Lavengro is writing the history of Joseph Sell; but in his case it was induced by necessity, and not of his own free will.

It is very meritorious of the accomplished Ouida to rise so early, but we fear that she will find few imitators. The pernicious rhyme—

When the morning rises red,
Rise not thou, but keep thy bed;
When the dawn is dull and gray,
Sleep is still the better way—

is every whit as popular with literary men as with any other class of peccant mortals.

We know not if it even bears supposition that the young author could in any circumstances leave his well-earned sleep to sit down to his desk at half-past five in the morning. For our own part many considerations would deter us from such a proceeding. Most important is the question of breakfast, before which no man is a man worth speaking of. Then there are other things; our writing-table is by some inscrutable process put every morning into a semblance of tidiness, whereas in its normal condition (that is to say, as we left it the night before) it is a sight to make angels weep. Moreover, if on the previous evening our ingenious friends have honored us with their company, there will have been libations, modest indeed but, by reason of glasses, decanters and other hospitable appurtenances, tending to untidiness. And further, our cheerful young critic, after the manner of his kind, is as liberal with his cigar-ashes as with his comments. No, far be it from us to begin to write in the small hours.

Morning sleep avoideth broll,
Wasteth not in greedy toll.

M. Zola, we learn, "darkens his rooms when he writes;" to hide his blushes,

we wonder? "Upon Ibsen's writing-table is a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures—a wooden bear, a tiny devil, two or three cats (one of them playing a fiddle) and some rabbits." The advantages of this are not obvious, though we seem to remember that Charles Dickens had something of a similar fancy; but there must be a purpose in it, for Ibsen says: "I could not write without them; but why I use them is my own secret." Hawthorne appears to have torn his surroundings to pieces while composing. "He is said to have taken a garment from his wife's sewing-basket and cut it into pieces without being conscious of the act. Thus an entire table and the arms of a rocking-chair were whittled away in this manner." This method is also to be deprecated for various reasons.

Of Mr. Anthony Hope we learn, through the kindness of the ingenuous Mrs. Sarah Tooley, to whom he would appear (figuratively speaking) to have unbosomed himself, that he "is found at his desk every morning, but if the inspiration does not come, he never forces himself to write. Sometimes it will come after waiting several hours, and sometimes it will seem to have come when it hasn't, which means that next morning he has to tear up what was written the day before and start afresh." The idea of Mr. Hope sitting daily at his desk with his right hand holding a pen poised over his paper, and his left outstretched to grasp the forelock of the goddess Occasion, so soon as she presents herself, is irresistible. But the possibility of Occasion turning out to be a mere *simulacrum* in a wig has in it the elements of tragedy. We are tempted to ask, what does Mr. Hope do when his copy goes off to the printer the same day? Does he content himself with tearing up a proof? We ask the question because of his latest "Dolly Dialogue," the one

about the roller and the bump. Did he surround himself with fragments of the "Westminster Gazette?" Several careful perusals of it have failed to reveal its meaning to us; but of course the presence or absence of inspiration is a thing an author must decide for himself, and no doubt Mr. Hope knows what he means by it.

We should dearly like to be able to work on Mr. Robert Barr's principle, for which again we have to thank Mrs. Tooley. Before he "publishes a novel he spends years in thinking the thing out." He spent ten years in thinking out "The Mutable Many!" But against this plan there are the same objections as against Mr. Bret Harte's.

On the whole we doubt whether the methods of the great masters, as set forth in this book, are likely to assist the young author materially; though they are extremely valuable if only showing (what has been abundantly shown already) that great minds and little things often agree. Perhaps the writer might have done better to treat of "How not to Write a Novel." One example is worth ten precepts, and had he taken a dozen average novels and extracted from them a few hundred examples of how the thing should not be done, his labors would, we cannot but think, have been of far more practical value. Consider, for example, the unhappy tendency to be epigrammatic, which we sigh over in so many of our younger authors, and more especially those of the female kind. The form which it generally takes is to make one woman say something spiteful about another in such a way that she can deny the soft impeachment if necessary. It is really very easy to do this, if you leave out enough words. We will concoct an epigrammatic conversa-

tion in which the character of the lady under discussion is irretrievably destroyed, while neither of the speakers is committed to anything definite.

"Ah!" said Lady Fitzclarence, "it is easy for her to be good when—"

"When?" said he.

"When she has no inclination to be wicked, or—"

"Or what?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter, but—"

"But?"

"Ah!"

This is epigram, the epigram of the average novel, the epigram which impassioned reviewers (especially when the author happens to wear petticoats) describe as scintillating, or coruscating, with wit. And how much more than the epigram is there in the average novel that might be put into this Index Expurgatorius. The grammar, the style, the plot, the scenery, the conversation, the humor! "O the humor of it!" But we do not wish to embark on the work ourselves, so we will leave the suggestion where it is, for the author of "How to Write a Novel" to use if he so pleases, and our hearty good will with it.

In conclusion we may be expected to give a word of advice to the intending author of a "strong story." Every man, it is often said, has it in him to write one good novel. Let him keep it there; let him keep it hermetically sealed within him. There is our advice in a nutshell. But if this will not content him, we have thought of a scheme of work which, properly applied, should simplify his own course, and also be of considerable benefit to the public. We offer it to him without prejudice.

(1) Do your writing whenever you are unoccupied.

(2) Take care that you never are unoccupied.

A DOUBLE BUGGY AT LAHEY'S CREEK.

I.—SPUDS, AND A WOMAN'S OBSTINACY.

Ever since we were married it had been Mary's great ambition to have a buggy. The house or furniture didn't matter so much—out there in the bush where we were—but, where there were no railways nor coaches, and the roads were long, and mostly hot and dusty, a buggy was the great thing. I had a few pounds when we were married, and was going to get one then; but new buggies went high, and another party got hold of a second-hand one that I'd had my eye on, so Mary thought it over and at last she said, "Never mind the buggy, Joe; get a sewing-machine and I'll be satisfied. I'll want the machine more than the buggy for a while. Wait till we're better off."

After that, whenever I took a contract—to put up a fence or woodshed, or sink a dam or something—Mary would say, "You ought to knock a buggy out of this job, Joe;" but something always turned up—bad weather or sickness. Once I cut my foot with the adze and was laid up; and another time a dam I was making was washed away by a flood before I finished it. Then Mary would say, "Ah, well—never mind, Joe. Wait till we're better off." But she felt it hard the time I built a woodshed and didn't get paid for it, for we'd as good as settled about another second-hand buggy then.

I always had a fancy for carpentering, and was handy with tools. I made a spring-cart—body and wheels—in spare time, out of colonial hardwood, and got Little the blacksmith to do the ironwork; I painted the cart myself. It wasn't much lighter than one of the tip-drays I had, but it *was* a spring-cart, and Mary pretended to be satis-

fied with it; anyway, I didn't hear any more of the buggy for a while.

I sold that cart for fourteen pounds to a Chinese gardener who wanted a strong cart to carry his vegetables round through the bush. It was just before our first youngster came; I told Mary that I wanted the money in case of extra expense—and she didn't fret much at losing that cart. But the fact was that I was going to make another try for a buggy, as a present for Mary when the child was born. I thought of getting the turn-out while she was laid up, keeping it dark from her till she was on her feet again, and then showing her the buggy standing in the shed. But she had a bad time, and I had to have the doctor regularly, and get a proper nurse, and a lot of things extra; so the buggy idea was knocked on the head. I was set on it, too; I'd thought of how, when Mary was up and getting strong, I'd say one morning, "Go round and have a look in the shed, Mary; I've got a few fowls for you," or something like that—and follow her round to watch her eyes when she saw the buggy. I never told Mary about that—it wouldn't have done any good.

Later on I got some good timber—mostly scraps that were given to me—and made a light body for a spring-cart. Galletly, the coach-builder at Cudgeegong, had got a dozen pairs of American hickory wheels up from Sydney, for light spring-carts, and he let me have a pair for cost price and carriage. I got him to iron the cart; and he put it through the paintshop for nothing. He sent it out, too, at the tail of Tom Tarrant's big van—to increase the surprise. We were swells then for a while; I heard no more of a

buggy until after we'd been settled at Lahey's Creek for a couple of years.

I told you how I went into the carrying line, and took up a selection at Lahey's Creek—for a run for the horses and to grow a bit of feed—and shifted Mary and little Jim out there from Gulgong, with Mary's young scamp of a brother James to keep them company while I was on the road. The first year I did well enough carrying, but I never cared for it—it was too slow; and, besides, I was always anxious when I was away from home. The game was right enough for a single man—or a married one whose wife had got the nagging habit (as many bush-women have—God help 'em!), and who wanted peace and quietness sometimes. Besides, other small carriers started (seeing me getting on); and Tom Tarrant, the coach-driver at Cudgegong, had another heavy spring-van built, and put it on the roads, and he took a lot of the light stuff.

The second year I made a rise—out of "spuds," of all the things in the world. It was Mary's idea. Down at the lower end of our selection—Mary called it "the run"—was a shallow watercourse, dry most of the year, except for a muddy water-hole or two, called Snake's Creek; and, just above the junction, where it ran into Lahey's Creek, was a low piece of good black soil, flat, on our side—about three acres. The flat was fairly clear when I came to the selection—save for a few logs that had been washed up there in some big "old man" flood, way back in black-fellows' times; and one day when I had a spell at home, I got the horses and trace-chains and dragged the logs together—those that wouldn't split for fencing timber—and burnt them off. I had a notion to get the flat ploughed and make a lucern-paddock of it. There was a good water-hole, under a clump of she-oak in the bend, and Mary used to take her stools and tubs and boiler

down there in the spring-cart in hot weather, and wash the clothes under the shade of the she-oaks—it was cooler, and saved carrying water to the house. And one evening after she'd done the washing she said to me—

"Look here, Joe; the farmers out here never seem to get a new idea; they don't seem to me ever to try and find out beforehand what the market is going to be like—they just go on farming the same old way and putting in the same old crops year after year. They sow wheat, and if it comes on anything like the thing, they reap and thresh it; if it doesn't, they mow it for hay—and some of 'em don't have the brains to do that in time. Now I was looking at that bit of flat you cleared, and it struck me that it wouldn't be a half bad idea to get a bag of seed-potatoes, and have the land ploughed—old Corny George would do it cheap—and get them put in at once. Potatoes have been dear all round for the last couple of years."

I told her she was talking nonsense, that the ground was no good for potatoes, and the whole district was too dry. "Everybody I know has tried it, one time or another, and made nothing of it," I said.

"All the more reason why you should try it, Joe," said Mary. "Just try one crop. It might rain for weeks, and then you'll be sorry you didn't take my advice."

"But I tell you the ground is not potato-ground," I said.

"How do you know? You haven't sown any there yet."

"But I've turned up the surface and looked at it. It's not rich enough, and too dry, I tell you. You need swampy, boggy ground for potatoes. Do you think I don't know land when I see it?"

"But you haven't *tried* to grow potatoes there yet, Joe. How do you know—"

I didn't listen to any more. Mary was obstinate when she got an idea into her head. It was no use arguing with her. All the time I'd be talking she'd just knit her forehead and go on thinking straight ahead, on the track she'd started—just as if I wasn't there—and it used to make me mad. She'd keep driving at me till I took her advice or lost my temper—I did both at the same time, mostly.

I took my pipe and went out to smoke and cool down.

A couple of days after the potato breeze, I started with the team down to Cudgeegong for a load of fencing-wire I had to bring out; and after I'd kissed Mary good-bye, she said—

"Look here, Joe, if you bring out a bag of seed-potatoes, James and I will slice them, and old Corny George down the creek would bring his plough up in the dray and plough the ground for very little. We could put the potatoes in ourselves if the ground were only ploughed."

I thought she'd forgotten all about it. There was no time to argue—I'd be sure to lose my temper, and then I'd either have to waste an hour comforting Mary or go off in a "huff," as the women call it, and be miserable for the trip. So I said I'd see about it. She gave me another hug and a kiss. "Don't forget, Joe," she said as I started. "Think it over on the road." I reckon she had the best of it that time.

About five miles along, just as I turned into the main road, I heard some one galloping after me, and I saw young James on his hack. I got a start for I thought that something had gone wrong at home.

"What is it, James?" I shouted, before he came up—but I saw he was grinning.

"Mary says to tell you not to forget to bring a hoe out with you."

"You clear off home!" I said, "or I'll

lay the whip about your young hide; and don't come riding after me again as if the run was on fire."

"Well, you needn't get shirty with me!" he said. "I don't want to have anything to do with a hoe." And he rode off.

I *did* get thinking about those potatoes, though I hadn't meant to. I knew of an independent man in that district who'd made his money out of a crop of potatoes; but that was way back in the roaring 'Fifties—'54—when spuds went up to twenty-one shillings a hundredweight (in Sydney), on account of the gold rush. We might get good rain now, and, anyway, it wouldn't cost much to put the potatoes in. If they came on well it would be a few pounds in my pocket; if the crop was a failure I'd have a better show with Mary next time she was struck by an idea outside housekeeping, and have something to grumble about when I felt grumpy.

I got a couple of bags of potatoes—we could use those that were left over; and I got a small iron plough and a harrow that Little the blacksmith had lying in his yard and let me have cheap—only about a pound more than I told Mary I gave for them. When I took advice, I generally made the mistake of taking more than was offered, or adding notions of my own. It was vanity I suppose. If the crop came on well I could claim the plough-and-harrow part of the idea anyway. (It didn't strike me that if the crop failed Mary would have the plough and harrow against me, for old Corny would plough the ground for ten or fifteen shillings.) Anyway I'd want a plough and harrow later on, and I might as well get it now; it would give James something to do.

I came out by the western road, by Guntawang, and up the creek home; and the first thing I saw was old Corny George ploughing the flat. And Mary was down on the bank superintending.

She'd got James with the trace-chains and the spare horses, and had made him clear off every stick and bush where another furrow might be squeezed in. Old Corny looked pretty grumpy on it—he'd broken all his ploughshares but one, in the roots; and James didn't look much brighter. Mary had an old felt hat and a new pair of 'lastic-side boots of mine on, and the boots were covered with clay, for she'd been down hustling James to get a rotten old stump out of the way by the time Corney came round with his next furrow.

"I thought I'd make the boots easy for you, Joe," said Mary.

"It's all right, Mary," I said. "I'm not going to growl." Those boots were a bone of contention between us; but she generally got them off before I got home.

Her face fell a little when she saw the plough and harrow in the wagon, but I said that would be all right—we'd want a plough anyway.

"I thought you wanted old Corny to plough the ground," she said.

"I never said so."

"But when I sent Jim after you about the hoe to put the spuds in, you didn't say you wouldn't bring it," she said.

I had a few days at home and entered into the spirit of the thing. When Corney was done, James and I cross-ploughed the land, and got a stump or two, a big log and some scrub out of the way at the upper end and added nearly an acre, and ploughed that. James was all right at most bush-work; he'd bullock so long as the novelty lasted; he liked ploughing or fencing or any graft he could make a show at. He didn't care for grubbing out stumps, or splitting posts and rails. We sliced the potatoes of an evening—and there was trouble between Mary and James over cutting through the "eyes." There was no time for the hoe—and

besides it wasn't a novelty to James—so I just ran furrows and they dropped the spuds in behind me, and I turned another furrow over them, and ran the harrow over the ground. I think I hilled those spuds, too, with furrows—or a crop of Indian corn I put in later on.

It rained heavens-hard for over a week; we had regular showers all through, and it was the finest crop of potatoes ever seen in the district. I believe at first Mary used to slip down at daybreak to see if the potatoes were up, and she'd write to me about them on the road. I forget how many bags I got; but the few who had grown potatoes in the district sent theirs to Sydney, and spuds went up to nine and ten shillings per hundredweight in that district. I made a few quid out of mine—and saved carriage too, for I could take them out on the wagon. Then Mary began to hear (through James) of a buggy that some one had for sale cheap, or a "dogcart" (a sort of heavy gig, in fashion round there) that somebody else wanted to get rid of—and let me know about it in an off-hand way.

II.—JOE WILSON'S LUCK.

There was good grass on the selection all the year. I'd picked up a small lot—about twenty head of half-starved steers for next to nothing, and turned them on the run; they came on wonderfully, and my brother-in-law (Mary's sister's husband), who was running a butchery at Gulgong, gave me a good price for them. His carts ran out twenty or thirty miles to little bits of gold-rushes that were going on at th' Home Rule, Happy Valley, Guntawang, Tallawang and Cooyal, and those places round there, and he was doing well.

Mary had heard of a light American wagonette, when the steers went—a tray-body arrangement, and she

thought she'd do with that. "It would be better than the buggy, Joe," she said—"there'd be more room for the children, and besides, I could take butter and eggs to Gulgong, or Cobbora, when we get a few more cows." Then James heard of a small flock of sheep that a selector—who was about starved off his selection out Talbragar way—wanted to get rid of. James reckoned he could get them for less than half-a-crown a-head. We'd had a heavy shower of rain that came over the ranges and didn't seem to go beyond our boundaries. Mary said, "It's a pity to see all that grass going to waste, Joe. Better get those sheep and try your luck with them. Leave some money with me and I'll send James over for them. Never mind about the buggy—we'll get that when we're on our feet."

So James rode across to Talbragar and drove a hard bargain with that unfortunate selector, and brought the sheep home. There were about two hundred wethers and ewes, and they were young and looked a good breed too, but so poor they could scarcely travel; they soon picked up, though; the drought was blazing all round and Out-Back, and I think that my corner of the ridges was the only place where there was any grass to speak of. We had another shower or two, and the grass held out. Chaps began to talk of "Joe Wilson's luck."

I would have liked to have shorn those sheep; but I hadn't time to get a shed or anything ready—along towards Christmas there was a bit of a boom in the carrying line. Wethers in wool were going as high as thirteen to fifteen shillings at the Homebush yards at Sydney, so I arranged to truck the sheep down from the river by rail, with another small lot that was going, and I started James off with them. He took the west road, and down Gunta-wang way a big farmer, who saw

James with the sheep (and who was speculating or adding to his stock, or took a fancy to the wool), offered James as much for them as he reckoned I'd get in Sydney, after paying the carriage and the agents and the auctioneer. James put the sheep in a paddock and rode back to me. He was all there where riding was concerned. I told him to let the sheep go. James made a Greener shot-gun, and got his saddle done up out of that job.

I took up a couple more forty-acre blocks—one in James's name—to encourage him with the fencing. There was a good slice of land in an angle between the range and the creek, farther down, which everybody thought belonged to Wall, the squatter; but Mary got an idea, and went to the local land office and found out that it was "unoccupied Crown land," and so I took it up on pastoral lease, and got a few more sheep—I'd saved some of the best-looking ewes from the last lot.

One evening—I was going down next day for a load of fencing-wire for myself—Mary said—

"Joe! do you know that the Matthews have got a new double buggy?"

The Matthews were a big family of cockatoos, along up the main road, and I didn't think much of them. The sons were all "bad eggs," though the old woman and girls were right enough.

"Well, what of that?" I said. "They're up to their neck in debt and camping like black-fellows in a big bark humpy. They do well to go flashing round in a double buggy."

"But that isn't what I was going to say," said Mary. "They want to sell their old single buggy, James says. I'm sure you could get it for six or seven pounds; and you could have it done up."

"I wish James to the devil!" I said. "Can't he find anything better to do than ride round after cock-and-bull yarns about buggies?"

"Well," said Mary, "it was James who got the steers and the sheep."

Well, one word led to another, and we said things we didn't mean—but couldn't forget in a hurry. I remember I said something about Mary always dragging me back just when I was getting my head above water and struggling to make a home for her and the children; and that hurt her, and she spoke of the "homes" she'd had since she was married. And that cut me deep.

It was about the worst quarrel we had. When she began to cry I got my hat and went out and walked up and down by the creek. I hated anything that looked like injustice—I was so sensitive about it that it made me unjust sometimes. I tried to think I was right, but I couldn't—it wouldn't have made me feel any better if I could have thought so. I got thinking of Mary's first year on the selection—which I haven't told you about.

When I went in she'd cried herself to sleep. I bent over, and, "Mary," I whispered.

She seemed to wake up.

"Joe—Joe!" she said.

"What is it, Mary?" I said.

"I'm pretty well sure that old 'Spot's' calf isn't in the pen. Make James go at once!"

Old Spot's last calf was two years old now; so Mary was talking in her sleep, and dreaming she was back in the first year.

We both laughed when I told her about it afterwards; but I didn't feel like laughing just then.

Later on in the night she called out in her sleep—

"Joe—Joe! Put that buggy in the shed or the sun will blister the varnish!"

I wish I could say that that was the last time I ever spoke unkindly to Mary.

Next morning I got up early and fried the bacon and made the tea, and

took Mary's breakfast in to her—like I used to do sometimes, when we were first married. She didn't say anything—just pulled my head down and kissed me.

When I was ready to start Mary said—

"You'd better take the spring-cart in behind the dray and get the tires cut and set. They're ready to drop off, and James has been wedging them up till he's tired of it. The last time I was out with the children I had to knock one of them back with a stone; there'll be an accident yet."

So I lashed the shafts of the cart under the tail of the wagon, and mean and ridiculous enough the cart looked, going along that way. It suggested a man stooping along hand-cuffed, with his arms held out and down in front of him.

It was dull weather, and the scrubs looked extra dreary and endless—and I got thinking of old things. Everything was going all right with me, but that didn't keep me from brooding sometimes—trying to hatch out stones, like an old hen we had at home. I think, taking it all round, I used to be happier when I was mostly hard-up—and more generous. When I had ten pounds I was more likely to listen to a chap who said, "Lend me a pound-note, Joe," than when I had fifty; *then* I fought shy of careless chaps—and lost mates that I wanted afterwards—and got the name of being mean. When I got a good cheque I'd be as miserable as a miser over the first ten pounds I spent; but when I got down to the last I'd buy things for the house. And now that I was getting on, I hated to spend a pound on anything. But then the farther I got away from poverty the greater the fear I had of it—and, besides, there was always before us all the thought of the terrible drought with blazing runs as bare and dusty as the road, and dead stock rotting

every yard, all along the barren creeks.

I had a long yarn with Mary's sister and her husband that night in Gulgong, and it brightened me up. (I had a fancy that that sort of a brother-in-law made a better mate than a nearer one; Tom Tarrant had one, and he said it was sympathy.) But while we were yarning I couldn't help thinking of Mary, out there in the hut on the Creek with no one to talk to but the children, or James, who was sulky at home, or Black Mary or Black Jimmy (our black boy's father and mother), who weren't over-sentimental. Or maybe a selector's wife (the nearest was five miles away), who could talk only of two or three things—"lambin'" and "shearin'" and "cookin'" for the men," and what she said to her old man, and what he said to her—and her own ailments—over and over again.

It's a wonder it didn't drive Mary mad!—I know I could never listen to that woman more than an hour. Mary's sister said—

"Now if Mary had a comfortable buggy, she could drive in with the children oftener. Then she wouldn't feel the loneliness so much."

I said "Good night" then and turned in. There was no getting away from that buggy. Whenever Mary's sister started hinting about a buggy, I reckoned it was a put-up job between them.

III.—THE GHOST OF MARY'S SACRIFICE.

When I got to Cudgeegong I stopped at Galletly's coach-shop to leave the cart. The Galletlys were good fellows; there were two brothers—one was a saddler and harness-maker. Big, brown-bearded men—the biggest men in the district, 'twas said.

Their old man had died lately and left them some money; they had men and only worked in their shops when they felt inclined, or there was a special work to do; they were both first-class

tradesmen. I went into the painters' shop to have a look at a double buggy that Galletly had built for a man who couldn't pay cash for it when it was finished—and Galletly wouldn't trust him.

There it stood, behind a calico screen that the coach-painters used to keep out the dust when they were varnishing. It was a first-class piece of work—pole, shafts, cushions, whip, lamps and all complete. If you only wanted to drive one horse, you could take out the pole and put in the shafts, and there you were. There was a tilt over the front seat; if you only wanted the buggy to carry two, you could fold down the back seat, and there you had a handsome, roomy, single buggy. It would go near fifty pounds.

While I was looking at it, Bill Galletly came in, and slapped me on the back.

"Now, there's a chance for you, Joe!" he said. "I saw you rubbing your head round that buggy the last time you were in. You wouldn't get a better one in the colonies, and you won't see another like it in the district again in a hurry—for it doesn't pay to build 'em. Now you're a full-blown squatter, and it's time you took little Mary for a fly round in her own buggy now and then, instead of having her stuck out there in the scrub, or jolting through the dust in a cart like some old Mother Flour-bag."

He called her "little Mary," because the Galletly family had known her when she was a girl.

I rubbed my head and looked at the buggy again. It was a great temptation.

"Look here, Joe," said Bill Galletly in a quieter tone. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have the buggy. You can take it out and send along a bit of a cheque when you feel you can manage it, and the rest later on—a year will do, or even two years. You've

had a hard pull, and I'm not likely to be hard up for money in a hurry."

They were good fellows the Galletlys, but they knew their men. I happened to know that Bill Galletly wouldn't let the man he built the buggy for take it out of the shop without cash down, though he was a big-bug round there. But that didn't make it easier for me.

Just then Robert Galletly came into the shop. He was rather quieter than his brother, but the two were very much alike.

"Look here, Bob," said Bill; "here's a chance for you to get rid of your harness. Joe Wilson's going to take that buggy off my hands."

Bob Galletly put his foot up on a saw-stool, took one hand out of his pocket, rested his elbow on his knee and his chin on the palm of his hand, and bunched up his big beard with his fingers, as he always did when he was thinking. Presently he took his foot down, put his hand back in his pocket, and said to me, "Well, Joe, I've got a double set of harness made for the man who ordered that damned buggy, and if you like I'll let you have it. I suppose when Bill there has squeezed all he can out of you I'll stand a show of getting something. He's a regular Shylock, he is."

I pushed my hat forward and rubbed the back of my head and stared at the buggy.

"Come across to the Royal, Joe," said Bob.

But I knew that a beer would settle the business, so I said I would get the wool up to the station first and think it over, and have a drink when I came back.

I thought it over on the way to the station, but it didn't seem good enough. I wanted to get some more sheep, and there was the new run to be fenced in, and the instalments on the selections. I wanted lots of things that I couldn't well do without. Then, again, the far-

ther I got away from debt and hard-upedness the greater the horror I had of it. I had two horses that would do; but I'd have to get another later on, and altogether the buggy would run me nearer a hundred than fifty pounds. Supposing a dry season threw me back with that buggy on my hands. Besides, I wanted a spell. If I got the buggy it would only mean an extra spell of hard graft¹ for me. No, I'd take Mary for a trip to Sydney, and she'd have to be satisfied with that.

I'd got it settled, and was just turning in through the big white gates to the goods-shed when young Black, the squatter, dashed past to the station in his big new wagonette, with his wife and a driver and a lot of portmanteaus and rugs and things. They were going to do the grand in Sydney over Christmas. Now it was young Black who was so shook after Mary when she was in service with the Blacks before the old man died, and if I hadn't come along—and if girls never cared for vagabonds—Mary would have been mistress of Haviland homestead, with servants to wait on her; and she was far better fitted for it than the one that was there. She would have been going to Sydney every holiday and putting up at the old Royal, with every comfort that a woman could ask for, and seeing a play every night. And I'd have been knocking around amongst the big stations Out-Back, or maybe drinking myself to death at the shanties.

The Blacks didn't see me as I went by, ragged and dusty, and with an old nearly black cabbage-tree hat drawn over my eyes. I didn't care a damn for them or any one else, at most times, but I had moods when I felt things.

One of Black's big wool teams was

¹ Graft, work. The term is now applied, in Australia, to all sorts of work, from bullock-driving to writing poetry.

just coming away from the shed, and the driver, a big, dark, rough fellow with some foreign blood in him, didn't seem inclined to wheel his team an inch out of the middle of the road. I stopped my horses and waited. He looked at me and I looked at him—hard. Then he wheeled off, scowling, and swearing at his horses. I'd given him a hiding six or seven years before and he hadn't forgotten it. And I felt then as if I wouldn't mind trying to give some one a hiding.

The goods clerk must have thought that Joe Wilson was pretty grumpy that day. I was thinking of Mary out there in a lonely hut on a barren creek in the bush—for it was little better—with no one to speak to except a haggard, worn-out bushwoman or two, that came to see her on Sunday. I thought of the hardships she went through in the first year—that I haven't told you about yet; of the time she was ill, and I away, and no one to understand; of the time she was alone with James and Jim sick; and of the loneliness she fought through out there. I thought of Mary outside in the blazing heat, with an old print dress and a felt hat, and pair of 'lastic-sliders of mine on, doing the work of a station manager as well as that of a housewife and mother. And her cheeks were getting thin, and her color was going; I thought of the gaunt, brick-brown, saw-file voiced, hopeless and spiritless bushwomen I knew—and some of them not much older than Mary.

When I went back down into the town, I had a drink with Bill Galletly at the Royal, and that settled the buggy; then Bob shouted, and I took the harness. Then I shouted to wet the bargain. When I was going, Bob said, "Send in that young scamp of a brother of Mary's with the horses; if the collars don't fit I'll make up a pair of make-shifts, and alter the others." I thought they both gripped my hand harder than

usual, but that might have been the beer.

IV.—THE BUGGY COMES HOME.

I "whipped the cat" a bit, the first twenty miles or so, but then, I thought, what did it matter? What was the use of grinding to save money until we were too old to enjoy it? If we had to go down in the world again, we might as well fall out of a buggy as out of a dray—there'd be some talk about it anyway, and perhaps a little sympathy. When Mary had the buggy she wouldn't be tied down so much to that wretched hole in the bush; and the Sydney trips needn't be off either. I could drive down to Wallerawang on the main line, where Mary had some people, and leave the buggy and horses there, and take the train to Sydney; or go right on by the old coach-road, over the Blue Mountains; it would be a grand drive. I thought best to tell Mary's sister at Gulgong about the buggy; I told her I'd keep it dark from Mary till the buggy came home. She entered into the spirit of the thing, and said she'd give the world to be able to go out with the buggy, if only to see Mary open her eyes when she saw it, but she couldn't go on account of a new baby she had. I was rather glad she couldn't, for it would spoil the surprise a little, I thought. I wanted that all to myself.

I got home about sunset next day, and, after tea, when I'd finished telling Mary all the news, and a few lies as to why I didn't bring the cart back, and one or two other things, I sat with James out on a log of the wood-heap, where we generally had our smokes and interviews, and told him all about the buggy. He whistled, then he said—

"But what do you want to make it such a bush-ranging business for? Why can't you tell Mary now? It will cheer her up. She's been pretty miserable since you've been away this trip."

"I want it to be a surprise," I said.

"Well, I've got nothing to say against a surprise, out in a hole like this; but it 'ud take a lot to surprise me. What am I to say to Mary about taking the two horses in? I'll only want one to bring the cart out, and she's sure to ask."

"Tell her you're going to get yours shod,"

"But she had a set of 'slippers' only the other day. She knows as much about horses as we do. I don't mind telling a lie so long as a chap has only got to tell a straight lie and be done with it. But Mary asks so many questions."

"Well, drive the other horse up the creek early, and pick him up as you go."

"Yes. And she'll want to know what I want with two bridles. But I'll fix her—you needn't worry."

"And, James," I said, "get a chamois leather and sponge—we'll want 'em anyway—and you might give the buggy a wash down in the creek, coming home. It's sure to be covered with dust."

"Oh!—orlright."

"And if you can, time yourself to get here in the cool of the evening, or just about sunset."

"What for?"

I'd thought it would be better to have the buggy there in the cool of the evening, when Mary would have time to get excited and get over it—better than in the blazing hot morning, when the sun rose as hot as at noon, and we'd have the long broiling day before us.

"What do you want me to come at sunset for?" asked James. "Do you want me to camp out in the scrub and turn up like a blooming sundowner?"

"Oh well," I said, "get here at midnight if you like."

We didn't say anything for a while—just sat and puffed at our pipes. Then I said—

"Well, what are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking it's time you got a new hat, the sun seems to get in through your old one too much," and he got out of my reach and went to see about penning the calves. Before we turned in he said—

"Well, what am I to get out of the job, Joe?"

He had his eye on a double-barrel gun that Franca the gunsmith in Cudgeegong had—one barrel shot, and the other rifle; so I said—

"How much does Franca want for that gun?"

"Five-ten; but I think he'd take my single barrel off it. Anyway, I can squeeze a couple of quid out of Fred Spencer for the single barrel." (Fred was his bosom chum.)

"All right," I said. "Make the best bargain you can."

He got his own breakfast and made an early start next morning to get clear of any instructions or messages that Mary might have forgotten to give him overnight. He took his gun with him.

I'd always thought that a man was a fool who couldn't keep a secret from his wife—that there was something womanish about him. But I found out.

Those three days waiting for the buggy were about the longest I ever spent in my life. It made me scotty with every one and everything; and poor Mary had to suffer for it. I put in the time patching up the harness and mending the stockyard and the roof, and, the third morning, I rode up the ridges looking for trees for fencing-timber. I remember I hurried home that afternoon because I thought the buggy might get there before me.

At tea-time I got Mary on to the buggy business.

"What's the good of a single buggy to you, Mary?" I asked. "There's only room for two, and what are you going

to do with the children when we go out together?"

"We can put them on the floor at our feet, like other people do. I can always fold up a blanket or 'possum rug for them to sit on."

But she didn't take half so much interest in buggy talk as she would have at any other time, when I didn't want her to. Women are aggravating that way. But the poor girl was tired and not very well, and both the children were cross. She did look knocked up.

"We'll give the buggy a rest, Joe," she said. (I thought I heard it coming then.) "It seems as far off as ever. I don't know why you want to harp on it to-day. Now don't look so cross, Joe—I didn't mean to hurt you. We'll wait until we can get a double buggy, since you're so set on it. There'll be plenty of time when we're better off."

After tea when the youngsters were in bed, and she'd washed up, we sat outside on the edge of the veranda floor, Mary sewing, and I smoking and watching the track up the creek.

"Why don't you talk, Joe?" asked Mary. "You scarcely ever speak to me now; it's like drawing blood out of a stone to get a word from you. What makes you so cross, Joe?"

"Well, I've got nothing to say."

"But you should find something. Think of me—it's very miserable for me. Have you anything on your mind? Is there any new trouble? Better tell me, no matter what it is, and not go worrying and brooding and making both our lives miserable. If you never tell one anything, how can you expect me to understand?"

I said there was nothing the matter.

"But there must be to make you so unbearable. Have you been drinking, Joe—or gambling?"

I asked her what she'd accuse me of next.

"And another thing I want to speak

to you about," she went on. "Now, don't knit up your forehead like that, Joe, and get impatient—"

"Well, what is it?"

"I wish you wouldn't swear in the hearing of the children. Now, little Jim to-day, he was trying to fix his little go-cart and it wouldn't run right, and—and—"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He—he" (she seemed a little hysterical, trying not to laugh)—"he said 'damn it!'"

I had to laugh; Mary tried to keep serious, but it was no use.

"Never mind, old woman," I said, putting an arm round her, for her mouth was trembling, and she was crying more than laughing. "It won't be always like this. Just wait till we're a bit better off."

Just then a black boy we had (I must tell you about him some other time) came sidling along the wall as if he were afraid somebody was going to hit him—poor little devil! I never did.

"What is it, Harry?" said Mary.

"Buggy comin', I bin think-it."

"Where?"

He pointed up the creek.

"Sure it's a buggy?"

"Yes, missus."

"How many horses?"

"One—two."

We knew that he could hear and see things long before we could. Mary went and perched on the wood-heap, and shaded her eyes—though the sun had gone—and peered through between the eternal gray trunks of the stunted trees on the flat across the creek. Presently she jumped down and came running in.

"There's some one coming in a buggy, Joe!" she cried, excitedly. "And both my white tablecloths are rough dry. Harry, put two flat-irons down to the fire quick, and put on some more wood. It's lucky I kept those new sheets packed away. Get up out of that, Joe!"

What are you sitting grinning like that for? Go and get on another shirt. Hurry—Why! It's only James—by himself."

She stared at me, and I sat there grinning like a fool.

"Joe!" she said, "whose buggy is that?"

"Well, I suppose it's yours," I said.

She caught her breath, and stared at the buggy and then at me again. James drove down out of sight into the crossing, and came up close to the house.

"Oh, Joe! what have you done?" cried Mary. "Why, it's a new double buggy!" Then she rushed at me and hugged my head. "Why didn't you tell me, Joe? You poor old boy!—and I've been nagging at you all day!" and she hugged me again.

James got down and started taking the horses out—as if it was an everyday occurrence. I saw the double-barrelled gun sticking out from under the seat. He'd stopped to wash the buggy, and I suppose that's what made him grumpy. Mary stood on the veranda, with her eyes twice as big as usual, and breathing hard—taking the buggy in.

James skimmed the harness off, and the horses shook themselves and went down to the dam for a drink. "You'd better look under the seats," growled James, as he took his gun out with great care.

Mary dived for the buggy. There was a dozen of lemonade and ginger-beer in a candle-box from Galletly—James said that Galletly's men had a gallon of beer, and they cheered him, James (I suppose he meant they cheered the buggy), as he drove off; there was a "little bit of a ham" from Pat Murphy, the storekeeper at Home Rule, that he'd "cured himself"—it was the biggest I ever saw; there were three loaves of baker's bread, a cake, and a dozen yards of something "to make up for the children," from aunt

Gertrude at Gulgong; there was a fresh water cod, that long Dave Regan had caught the night before in the Macquarrie river, and sent out packed in salt in a box; there was a holland suit for the black boy with red braid to trim it; and there was a jar of preserved ginger, and some "lollies" (sweets) ("for the lil' boy"), and a rum-looking Chinese doll and a rattle ("for the lil' girl") from Sun Tong Lee, our storekeeper at Gulgong—James was chummy with Sun Tong Lee, and got his powder and shot and caps there on tick when he was short of money. And James said the people would have loaded the buggy with "rubbish" if he'd waited. They all seemed glad to see Joe Wilson getting on—and these things did me good.

We got the things inside, and I don't think either of us knew what we were saying or doing for the next half hour. Then James put his head in and said, in a very injured tone—

"What about my tea? I ain't had anything to speak of since I left Cudgeegong. I want some grub."

Then Mary pulled herself together.

"You'll have your tea directly," she said. "Pick up that harness at once, and hang it on the pegs in the skillion; and you, Joe, back that buggy under the end of the veranda, the dew will be on it presently—and we'll put wet bags up in front of it to-morrow to keep the sun off. And James will have to go back to Cudgeegong for the cart—we can't have that buggy to knock about in."

"All right," said James—"anything! Only get me some grub."

Mary fried the fish, in case it wouldn't keep till the morning, and rubbed over the tablecloths, now the irons were hot—James growling all the time—and got out some crockery she had packed away that had belonged to her mother, and set the table in a style that made James uncomfortable.

"I want some grub—not a blooming banquet!" he said. And he growled a lot because Mary wanted him to eat his fish without a knife, "and that sort of Tommy-rot." When he finished he took his gun and the black boy, and the dogs, and went out 'possum-shooting.

When we were alone Mary climbed into the buggy to try the seat and made me get up alongside her. We hadn't had such a comfortable seat for years; but we soon got down, in case

any one came by, for we began to feel like a pair of fools up there.

Then we sat, side by side, on the edge of the veranda, and talked more than we'd done for years—and I think we got to understand each other better that night.

And at last Mary said, "Do you know, Joe, why, I feel to-night just—just like I did the day we were married"

And somehow I had that strange, shy sort of feeling too.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Henry Lawson.

CHRISTUS CUNCTATOR.

So far beyond the things of Space—
So high above the things of Time—
And yet, how human is thy face,
How near, how neighborly, thy clime!

Thou wast not born to fill our skies
With lustre from some alien zone:
Thy light, thy love, thy sympathies,
Thy very essence, are our own.

Thy mission, thy supreme estate,
Thy life among the plous poor,
Thy lofty language to the great;
Thy touch, so tender and so sure;

Thine eyes, whose looks are with us yet;
Thy voice, whose echoes do not die;
Thy words, which none who hear forget,
So piercing are they and so nigh;

Thy balanced nature, always true
And always dauntless and serene,
Which did the deeds none else could do
And saw the sights none else had seen,

And ruled itself from first to last
Without an effort or a pause
By no traditions of the Past—
By nothing, save its own pure laws;

William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford.

All this, and thousand traits beside,
 Unseen till these at least are known,
 May serve to witness far and wide
 That thou art He, and thou alone.

But oh, how high thy spirit soars
 Above the men who tell thy tale!
 They labor with their awkward oars
 And try to show thee—and they fail.

They saw thee; yet they fail like us
 Who also strive to limn thee out,
 And say that thou art thus or thus,
 And carve our crumbling creeds with Doubt,

Or build them up with such a Faith
 And such a narrow, niggard Love
 As clings to what some other saith,
 Or moves not, lest some other move.

Ah, none shall see thee as thou art,
 Or know thee for himself at all,
 Until he has thee in his heart,
 And heeds thy whisper or thy call,

And feels that in thy sovran will
 Eternal manhood grows not old,
 But keeps its prime, that all may fill
 Thy large, illimitable fold.

The Spectator.

Arthur Munby.

WILLIAM STUBBS, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

It is too soon to estimate the permanent value of the work of the great worker who has been taken from us. Foreign nations, in the titles and dignities and appreciations that they have given during the last 30 years, have already spoken, and with no uncertain voice. Few will doubt that the next age will repeat their verdict—that in William Stubbs England had her greatest historian in the nineteenth century. During the last few years a new school of his-

torical writers has arisen, which has in some important respects challenged the conclusions at which he had arrived; but while many eminent names have been treated by the new writers with scant respect, that of the author of the "Constitutional History of England" has never ceased to be regarded with the highest reverence.

It was a reverence which was the reward of pre-eminently honest, minute and accurate work, and work which was in the highest sense original. Dr.

Stubbs belonged—it is a commonplace to say it—to a school, the well-defined school of Oxford historians, which owed much of its original impulse in equal degrees to the great German scientific historians and to the Tractarian movement. But he was notably the most original, the greatest, of the workers of whom the world gradually recognized him to be the leader. Haddan and Freeman, and Green, and Bright, each had characteristic powers, but he seemed to combine them all, accuracy, and a deep though often silent enthusiasm, indomitable perseverance, and a wide outlook. The leadership which his friends—as all readers of Mr. Freeman's *Life* will remember—were so proud to recognize came to him naturally, not only from his great powers of mind, but still more from his character. Its absolute loyalty and conscientiousness, its sincerity, its courage, its tolerance made him a man to whom workers in the same field naturally looked for guidance. Certainly they were never disappointed.

Perhaps no English man of learning, certainly no English historian, has left behind him so large a number of works of the highest excellence. In his editions of the great English mediæval chronicles beginning with those of Richard I in 1864 and ending in 1889 with William of Malmesbury, he set for English scholars at least an absolutely new standard of minute accuracy and of breadth in survey. They had all the merits of the greatest editions of classical texts, and they showed an intimate acquaintance with mediæval life which had never been equalled, and is not likely to be surpassed. The "*Constitutional History of England*," published 1874-1878, showed that the editor of mediæval texts was also a great original worker. Nothing on so great a scale had been attempted in England since Gibbon; and the insight, the breadth, the extra-

ordinary accuracy of the work recalled the memory of the greatest of English historians. "The history of institutions," wrote the author, in a preface which has become classical among historical students "cannot be mastered, can scarcely be approached without an effort. It affords little of the romantic incident or of the picturesque grouping which constitute the charm of history in general, and holds out small temptation to the mind that requires to be tempted to the study of truth. But it has a deep value and an abiding interest to those who have the courage to work upon it. It presents, in every branch, a regularly developed series of causes and consequences, and abounds in examples of that continuity of life the realization of which is necessary to give the reader a personal hold on the past and a right judgment of the present. For the roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is."

The book which was introduced in these words was one which many people found could not be approached "without an effort;" but it was one which left on its readers the ineffaceable impression that "nothing in the past is dead." Perhaps, when it is read again and again, it appeals even more than by its massive learning, its extraordinary patience of investigation and its singular acuteness of insight, by its deep sympathy for human life. That was a sympathy which was a marked feature of its author's character. The sympathy was that of the historian, not that of the philosopher. When he went back to Oxford as Regius Professor of Modern History he said:—

I desire to introduce myself to you, not as a philosopher, nor as a politician, but as a worker at history. Not that

I have not strong views on politics, nor short and concise opinions on philosophy, but because this is my work, and I have taken it up in all sincerity and desire of truth, and wish to keep to my work, and to the sort of truth that I can help on in the inquiry; because you have plenty of politicians and plenty of scholars to whom, if they wish to have it, I certainly will not begrudge the name of philosophers. I suppose that it is truth we are all seeking, and that though the sorts of truth are distinct and the ways that we work in are very different, when we have found what we seek for we shall find all our discoveries combine in harmony; and I trust and believe that the more sincerely, the more single-heartedly we work each of us, the nearer we consciously come to the state where we shall see the oneness and glory and beauty of the truth itself. So that the theologian, the naturalist, the historian, the philosopher, if he works honestly, is gaining each for his brother, and being worked for each by his brother, in the pursuit of the great end, the great consummation of all. We may all speak humbly, the theologian because of the excellence of his subject, the rest because of the vastness of our field of work, the length of our art, and the shortness of our life; but we cannot afford to speak contemptuously of any sort of knowledge, and God forbid that we should speak contemptuously or hypercritically of any honest worker.

Work undertaken in this spirit by a man of commanding ability could not fail to be great. And the characteristics of his greatest work were those of all else that he wrote. Here there is hardly space even to name them—the appendices to the report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts, Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History published and unpublished, the brilliant sketch of the early Plantagenets, lives of Anglo-Saxon saints and scholars, sermons and episcopal charges which have never been made accessible to the public—the same marks are on them all, accuracy, sym-

pathy, profound judgment. Thus, while he was a man of strong convictions and loyalties, he was never a partisan. He could speak of Dr. Pusey as "the master," and of the execution of Charles I as "the tragedy of the Royal martyr, itself the sealing of the Crown of England to the faith of the Church," without departing from the rigid impartiality of the historic teacher. "It was not my work," he said when he had held the chair of history at Oxford for ten years, speaking with the delightful humor and the sound sense which his audience came to look for in those very informal statutory lectures:—

It was not my work to make men Whigs or Tories, but to do my best, having Whigs and Tories by nature as the matter I was to work upon, to make the Whigs good, wise, sensible Whigs, and the Tories good, wise, sensible Tories; to teach them to choose their weapons and to use them fairly and honestly. Well, I still adhere to that view, and every year what I see in public life around me confirms my belief in the truth and value of the principle. How far I have been successful in acting upon it I cannot of course say; but I feel sure that the growth of sound historical teaching would have spared us such national humiliation as we have undergone, during the last few years, in the treatment of the Public Worship Act, the Judicature Act, and the Royal Titles Act. I am quite sure that both the speakers and writers on those subjects would have been very much wiser and more modest men, if they had, I will not say attended my lectures, but passed a stiff examination in the history school; if we could not have made them wiser, we would at all events have made them sadder.

Insensibly in writing of Dr. Stubbs we fall into quoting his own words. No others can so fully explain him. He made what he was, what he thought, what he taught, transparently clear to those who had eyes to see, by the

strangely elaborate but yet entirely natural complexities of his literary style. "Steeped in clerical and conservative principles" he called himself, and yet he rejoiced that he scarcely betrayed "ecclesiastical prejudice or political bias." In a fine passage he once described how he understood "the clerical spirit and mind" to be that

Which regards truth and justice above all things, which believes what it believes firmly and intelligently, but with a belief that is fully convinced that truth and justice must in the end confirm the doctrine that it upholds; with a belief that party statement and lightly colored pictures of friend and foe alike are dangerous enemies of truth and justice, and damage in the long run the cause that employs them; that all sides have everything to gain and nothing to lose by full and fair knowledge of the truth. And a clerical view of professional responsibility I take to be the knowledge that I am working in God's sight and for His purposes.

With this "clerical" outlook, the mind of Dr. Stubbs was yet essentially critical, quite as much as it was, or, perhaps, because it was, sympathetic. It was this which caused him, while he readily welcomed historical discoveries on particular points, such as those of Professor Vinogradoff, to reiterate in the last edition of his "Select Char-

Literature.

ters" a caution as to the unsound methods which seemed to him to be coming into fashion. His attitude towards the "Higher Criticism" is to be explained on the same grounds; it was an historical and critical objection that he felt rather than a theological one.

Yet no one who knew anything of the Bishop's work doubted that one of his characteristic excellences was due to the fact that he was a theologian as well as a historian. Much that has been dark to other writers on mediæval history was clear to him because he knew the theology of the Fathers and the philosophy of the schoolmen as well as the chronicles of the monks and the laws of the kings. The extraordinary width of his reading in ancient and modern literature was another special feature which gave distinction to his work. It gave, too, it may be added, inimitable humor to his lectures. Those who heard him will not forget how he illustrated Robertson's view of Charles V by the "Hunting of the Snark."

All this goes only to say, very inadequately, that William Stubbs was a great historian in the widest sense. Men in high place know too that he was a wise and great man. And those who have worked under him, as historian or as Bishop, remember, most of all, the generosity, the sincerity, the beauty, of his character.

W. H. Hutton.

THE GERMAN NAVY AND AMERICA.

The enormous expansion of the German navy now in progress has been much misinterpreted in England. With the readiness to imagine a design against ourselves, which is the result of our insular way of regarding problems of foreign policy, the Kaiser's

projects have been unhesitatingly accepted as directed against this country. This seemed to be borne out by the language of his Chancellor and was equally welcomed by German Anglophobia as the true explanation. It therefore served a useful purpose in facilitating

the passage of the Navy Bill through the Reichstag. It is not the business of a statesman to set his supporters right when their wrong views help forward the program, the full effect of which its creators alone are obliged to foresee. Nothing could have been more opportune for the Kaiser's object than the seizure of the "Bundesrath;" but it would be as well that we English should recognize the truth, namely, that the Kaiser is not building a navy in the hope of wresting from us, even twenty years hence, the sovereignty of the seas. It is a mere truism to say that the weapon once forged may be used against any adversary, but there is not the slightest reason why we ever should become that adversary, nor are we so regarded by those responsible for German foreign policy.

This is no matter of mere speculation. In the highest quarters here it is well known that no such intention ever animated the man who has shown himself singularly gifted in grasping the vital problems before his country and ignoring the ephemeral outbursts of national ill-feeling. His reasons for wishing to create a great navy have been very different. He has seen that the richest and most accessible field for the development of German energy and emigration lies in South America. But over that vast and little exploited continent hangs the shadow of the Monroe Doctrine, and in that must lie the supreme menace to German expansion. Like a wise ruler he prepares for the future and, if his own subjects choose to attribute those preparations to the wrong cause, it is no part of the Kaiser's duty as yet to set them right. The British public has at length come to appreciate rightly the loyal and sympathetic nature of the German sovereign, but we are still too ready to regard all far-reaching schemes of policy as remote and fantastic. Yet, as the

"Saturday Review" has for long been pointing out, the most severely practical reasoning leads us to anticipate that the readiest causes for future naval conflicts will be found in the struggle for the partition or the exploitation of the great South American continent. The United States have not been blind to these possibilities, for some months ago their Consuls were instructed to furnish the fullest particulars as to German colonization in that part of the world, and a glance at an ethnographical atlas will demonstrate that there are excellent reasons for the careful consideration of the matter.

Not only is South America naturally one of the richest countries on the face of the globe, but it has also the most easily accessible interior. It is provided by nature with waterways of unparalleled extent. The Amazon can be traversed for 6,000 miles, the La Plata for 4,000, 1,000 miles on the Orinoco and 600 on the Magdalena are available (or could be easily rendered so) for steamers of considerable draught. Yet the bulk of the continent is undeveloped, its soil virgin, its vast mineral wealth untouched. In a country of such a nature accurate statistics are most difficult to arrive at, but about 50,000,000 is probably the total of its inhabitants, and these lie scattered about in isolated batches. Yet there are in all $6\frac{1}{2}$ million square miles in South America, while Java, with its 50,000 square miles, can easily support a population of 24,000,000. It has been calculated that the basin of the Amazon, when reduced to cultivation, could accommodate 500,000,000 persons, where now barely 1,000,000 subsist, in fact barely one person to a square mile. South America therefore offers a field for the expansion of the world for untold generations. It cannot be said that the continent has been awaiting exploration to be known, for four hun-

dred years ago men knew all the main features of South American geography as they know them to-day. The reason for European neglect lies in two facts, the corrupt and ephemeral nature of the South American Governments and the existence of the Monroe Doctrine. The absence of security keeps away settlers and alarms capitalists; as a consequence the mineral riches of the continent rest virtually unexplored. In most South American States government only exists to exploit the governed. Up to within seven years ago there was not a single settled frontier in the continent. This led to continual war and disturbance. Yet behind this anarchical scene lay the certainty that the United States claimed the right to interfere, if any European Power became desirous of protecting its own subjects or of acquiring authority there. In short, a quarrel with a South American Republic may involve a war with the United States. That Power neither keeps its protégés in order nor allows others to do so, a hopelessly illogical position which cannot continue forever. Before they became a conquering Power, there was perhaps some shadow of justification for this attitude, now that they are themselves attacking and enslaving Eastern races the claim to speak on behalf of freedom against encroachment from without loses all logical basis. The occupation of Cuba has placed the United States in a position, the strength of which no maritime Power with interests in South America can afford to ignore. Cuba in old days formed the pivot of Spanish rule on the continent, and from thence American expansion will work. Is there anything remarkable that the Kaiser should be steadily preparing for a conflict he may well deem inevitable? He cannot be ignorant of the vigorous inquisition for coaling stations in all parts of the world now being carried on by the United States

from the Azores to Yokohama. German interests in South America are already considerable. In Brazil, in the province of Rio Grande, there are a quarter of a million Germans—nearly 30 per cent. of the whole population. In the province of Santa Catharina there are 60,000—about 21 per cent. of the population. In the same Republic there are two towns at least where the German population is as much as 80 per cent. of the whole and there are six German settlements with populations ranging from 14,000 to 25,000, some of which have a percentage of 95 Germans and at the lowest percentage 80. Altogether there are about 400,000 German settlers in Brazil alone and in Chile the two provinces of Llanquihue and Valdivia have respectively a sixth and eighth percentage of German inhabitants. Even to-day, then, Germany has a very considerable interest in the good government of South America, and it must be remembered that her population is growing enormously in excess of the capacities of the Fatherland to maintain it. No absorption of German-speaking Austria or opening up of Asia Minor for trade can meet this demand for increased space, and South America remains both the richest and the freest field, for, though some is tropical, that part which lies between the 25th and 40th degrees of latitude, where the greatest German settlements are, approximates in climate to Northern Africa and Australia.

Some such reasoning as this may well have presented itself to the Kaiser's mind and we have good reasons for holding that it did. Our own country is not the real objective of his naval designs, and never has been, but we may find ourselves in a position of similar difficulty which may demand the pursuit of a common policy. At present it is well to remove misapprehensions, and clear our mental vision for a careful consideration of the future.

We English are never over-ready to consider problems which do not actually clamor for solution, but our attitude in the event of a serious disagreement between Germany and the United States on South American affairs is worth reflection. If the Kaiser has urged us to consider it, we shall not be wise in ignoring his advice. Events in Europe, Asia and Africa may be driving us steadily but inevitably into the arms of Germany. Will it be good policy for the sake of the United States to irritate her by opposing her perfectly legitimate aims in the remaining quarter of the globe? An alliance with that

Power to maintain the Monroe Doctrine would not only be ludicrously in opposition to our own interests, but would rightly arouse every other nation to a death struggle against a genuine Anglo-Saxon menace. There is not the slightest ground either in justice or expediency why we should incur the risk. The cavalier treatment of her would-be protector by Venezuela and the resentment now being shown by the Central American republics at the calm assumption by the Senate that an inter-oceanic canal concerns the United States alone are also indications which no statesman can afford to ignore.

The Saturday Review.

THE CONTINENT AND AMERICA.

Reuter reports a speech made by Admiral Count Canevaro at Toulon to the representative of the "Figaro" which has not attracted in this country the attention it deserved. After telling his interviewer that the Triple Alliance would not be broken, but that the reconciliation with France would conduce to the settlement of many questions in the Mediterranean, the Count, in conclusion, uttered a most weighty and ominous sentence, which we may, we think, make sure was never invented by any reporter. He was convinced that the Triple Alliance and the Dual Alliance, taken together, had given Europe thirty years of peace—which, we may remark *en passant*, is certainly true—"and said that this fact would perhaps lead the European nations to consider the possibility and the necessity of uniting against America, Africa and Asia, as the future of civilization would require them to do." A great many of our readers, we doubt not, treated this extraordinary utterance as a rash outburst by an irresponsible

man, but they were, as we believe, gravely in error. Admiral Canevaro is no "man in the street." He attracted favorable attention from all Europe during the Cretan imbroglio, he has been Minister of Foreign Affairs for Italy, and he is recognized by statesmen as something more than a good sailor and clever diplomatist. His utterance, moreover, corresponds exactly with that of the Austrian Chancellor, Count Goluchowski, and with all the recent trend of affairs. There can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has watched recent developments that all Europe, moved by an almost insane desire for fresh markets, and consequently more wealth, is precipitating itself upon Africa and Asia; and there is none in ours that the Continent regards America as a dangerous obstacle to the fulfilment of its plans, and an intruder into the field of "world-policy" who is at once most embarrassing and most formidable. Africa, though not absorbed for useful purposes—an operation which will take a century—is al-

ready divided in theory and by agreement; but the attack on Asia has just begun, and the obstacle presented by America is now clearly perceived. It had been foreseen before, as the speech of Count Goluchowski showed; but the vague impression was suddenly deepened by the collapse of Spain under American blows, and the decision to build a great American fleet. That collapse startled the Continent, which for three hundred years had reckoned the Spanish Court among the members of "the European family," and unconsciously exaggerated its resources, almost as much as the descent of a brigade from Mars would startle the whole world. A force singularly potent, absolutely new, and not quite accountable had suddenly put itself in evidence, and the old conservative forces sullenly prepared for resistance or reprisal. The Papacy in particular, which has to think of Spanish America as well as the rest of the world, will never forgive the Union for crippling the most Catholic of Powers, and the influence of the Papacy, though it is indirect, penetrates all through Europe.

The annoyance of the Continent with America, which is very deep, is based upon three reasons. There is first of all a dread or rather a conviction, that competition in business with America is nearly impossible. Her wealth and energy are too great, and both are employed, as Continentals think, to monopolize trade, and so control in the end all the wealth of the world, an idea not without advocates even among ourselves. These giant Trusts are regarded as enemies, inexpressibly formidable because they do not raise prices, which would to traders be some compensation, but look to monopoly of business as their reward, and because, if the Governments fence them off with tariffs, the Americans, being Protectionists, do not scruple to commence

quick and severe reprisals. As the Governments are always trembling with nervousness lest their industrials, if driven out of work, should turn to Socialism as a refuge, this cause alone inspires them with a permanent suspicion and dislike of American action. Then they see, as yet dimly, but still without doubt, that America will interfere grievously with their plans for securing new and permanent markets. America does not interfere in Africa because Africa is negro; but the hopes of Continental Chancellors of the Exchequer turn to Asia, and in Asia it is clear that America will be sadly in their way. The whole action of Washington in this Chinese muddle points to a single conclusion, that although Americans took the Philippines, they are unwilling to see any but native Powers in possession or control of the richer countries of Asia. They do not much mind England, because she admits all the world to share her commerce, or Russia, because they regard Manchuria as a mere railway route, but they are utterly opposed to a partition of China, or a subjugation of Japan, or any other great change which would place their manufactures at a disadvantage. That opposition is most irritating to men who sincerely believe that open trade is of no use to them because America and England are sure to get it, and who look therefore to conquest in one form or another as the only permanent protection for their industry. The bitterness is all the deeper because it is, in a sense, philanthropic, those who feel it honestly pitying their own people because they cannot in the fierce competition which prevails get enough work to do. And lastly, every State on the Continent feels keenly the dog-in-the-manger attitude of America about the future of South America. She will neither take it nor let anybody else. There lies the vast continent with scarcely anybody in it,

with climates which, though varied, do not prohibit European labor, with sources of wealth in the soil that are practically limitless, and with vast rivers which render entrance into the far interior at once cheap and easy. There is no prize left in this rapidly dwindling little planet like South America. Germany would like the whole of Brazil, in which she is already strong; Italy, even now, sends her children by the hundred thousand to Argentina; France would feel richer if she could acquire the hinterland of Guiana and even Hungary would much rather that her Slav children, who in tens of thousands are doing the hard work of North America, should find acceptable homes under their own flag in Uruguay. All are warned off by the Union in a way which, as she will not annex, or even allow herself to be responsible for these territories, seems to the statesmen of the Continent the very height of selfish impertinence. Why, they think, should their children be shut out by a pure caprice from natural and profitable careers? The total result of these feelings is a bitter dislike of America, mixed with a certain dread that produces the sense expressed alike by Count Goluchowski and Count Canevaro, and not obscurely hinted at by Count von Bülow, that a league of Europe against America will ultimately prove to be "a necessity of civilization."

Our friends in America, who are in-

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curably optimist, believing that whatever happens all will go well with them, will not credit our description of the situation, or will even imagine that we are only pleading for the Anglo-Saxon alliance which we have so often predicted for the future. They are in error. We have not stated the case against the Continent—and especially in regard to Germany's aspirations and aims—half as strongly as we believe it ought to be stated, and we are entirely at ease about the Anglo-Saxon alliance. That is safe enough in the fullness of time without any help from publicists. Our object is only to waken Americans from an illusion, to induce them to increase their fleet steadily instead of by rushes, and to persuade them, if we can, to think out what they are doing, and not act as we too often do, upon the spur of the moment. They may rely on it that the Continent will lose nothing for want of planning, and that when the alliance against America of which Count Canevaro talks is transmuted from a hope into a fact, the fact will be full-grown and armed. They will then find, sorely, it may be, to their disgust, for they like to fancy themselves beloved, that, as in the Spanish War, their only ally is their half-suspected kinsman, and that, be the consequences good or bad, the freedom and the peace of the world can only be preserved by the rule, not yet accepted, that those who speak English must in the hour of danger stand together.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

JUNE 1, 1901.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

AT DEVIL'S ISLAND.*

The days dragged on sad and sorrowful during the first period of my captivity in the Iles du Salut. I received every few months a few of the books which were sent me by my wife, but I had no physical occupation. The nights especially, which in that climate last nearly twelve hours, were dreadfully prolonged. In the month of July, 1895, I had asked permission to buy a few carpenter's tools; a categorical refusal was the answer from the director of the prison service, under the pretext that the tools might afford means of escape. I fail to see myself escaping on a carpenter's plane from an island where I am kept under scrutiny night and day.

In the autumn of 1896, the *régime*, already so severe, became more rigorous still.

On the 4th of September my jailers received from M. Lebon, Minister of Colonies, the order to keep me, until further notice, confined to my hut through the twenty-four hours, with the "double boucle" at night; to surround the space left for my walk close around my hut with a solid palisade, and to set another guard in my hut in addition to the one already there. Besides this, they withheld all letters and packages sent to me; and transmission of my correspondence was henceforth

ordered to be made only in copies of the originals.

Conformably to these instructions I was shut up night and day without a minute's exercise. This absolute confinement was continued during the whole time needed for the bringing of the lumber and the construction of the palisade; that is to say, for nearly two months and a half. The heat that year was particularly torrid, and was so great in the hut that the guards made complaint after complaint, declaring that they felt their heads bursting. It became necessary on their account to have their quarters in the shed attached to my house sprinkled every day with water. As for myself I literally melted.

Dating from the 6th of September, I was put in the "double boucle" at night; and this torment, which lasted nearly two months, was of the following description: two irons in the form of a "U" were fixed by their lower parts to the sides of the bed. In these irons an iron bar was inserted, and to this were fastened two boucles.

At the extremity of the bar, on one side, there was a head, and at the other a padlock, so that the bar was fastened into the irons and consequently to the bed. Therefore, when my feet were inserted in the two rings, it was no longer possible for me to move about. I was fastened in an

* Five Years of my Life. By Alfred Dreyfus. Copyright, 1901. McClure, Phillips & Co.

unchangeable position in my bed. The torture was hardly bearable during those tropical nights. Soon also the rings, which were very tight, lacerated my ankles.

The hut was surrounded by a palisade over eight feet high, and distant not quite five feet from it. The palisade was much higher than the little grated window of the hut, which was hardly three and a half feet above the ground. Outside of this first palisade, which was one of defence, was a second one built quite as high, and that, like the first, hid everything from my sight. After some three months of absolute confinement to the seventeen square yards of my hut, I received permission to go about during the middle of the day, always accompanied by the armed guard, in the little plot of ground between the two palisades. There was no shadow or cloud, the burning sun blazing directly overhead.

Up to the 4th of September, 1896, I had occupied my hut only at night and during the hottest hours of the day. Except in the hours which I gave to my little walks about the two thousand square feet of the island which was reserved to me, I often sat in the shade of the hut, facing the sea; and though my thoughts were sad and preoccupied, and though I often shook with fever, I at least had the consolation of looking upon the sea and letting my eyes wander over its waves, often feeling my soul in the days of storm rise up with its furious waters. But from the 4th of September, 1896, the sight of the sea and of all the outer world was shut off, and I stifled in a hut where there was no longer air or light.

In the course of the month of June, 1896, I had had violent attacks of fever, followed by congestion of the brain. During one of these nights of pain and fever I tried to get up but fell helpless to the floor and lay there un-

conscious. The guard on duty had to lift me up limp and covered with blood. During the days which followed, my stomach refused all food. I grew much thinner, and my health was grievously shaken. I was still extremely weak when the arbitrary and inhumane measures of the month of September, 1896, were taken; and as a result I had a relapse. It was under such conditions that I thought I should not be able to go further; for whatever the will and energy of a man may be, human strength has a limit, and this limit had been reached. So I stopped my diary with the request that it should be given to my wife. It was just as well, for a few days afterwards all my papers were seized. I now had in my possession only a limited quantity of paper, each sheet numbered and signed as before, and a new rule provided that as each sheet was written on it should be given up, and until it was handed over I could obtain no further supply.

But on one of these long nights of torture when riveted to my bed, with sleep far from my eyes, I sought my guiding star, my guide in moments of supreme resolve; I saw all at once the light before me illuminating for me my duty: "To-day less than ever have you the right to desert your post, less than ever have you the right to shorten even by a single hour your wretched life. Whatever the torments they inflict on you, you must march forward until they throw you into your grave, you must stand up before your executioners as long as you have a shadow of strength, a living wreck to be kept before their eyes by the unassailable sovereignty of the soul which they cannot reach."

Thereupon I resolved to keep up the struggle with more energy than ever.

* * * * *

I quote from letters received from my wife the following passages:—

"Paris, November 12, 1896.

"I have just received your good letters of the 3d and 5th of October. I am still under their influence and happy to have abandoned myself for a few minutes to the sweet emotions which your words cause me. I pray you, my beloved husband, do not think of my grief or of the suffering I may endure. As I have said to you already, do not consider me at all, for my heart would be wrung did I add by my complaints one single pang to your torments. You need all your strength, all your courage, to hold out in this moral struggle, and to maintain yourself against the physical strain of the climate and all the privations which are imposed upon you."

"Paris, November 24, 1896.

"I wish I could come and talk with you every day. . . . But what is the use of repeating always the same thing? I know very well that my letters are all alike, but they are all steeped in the same idea—the only idea that fills us all, and that in which centre our own lives, those of our children, and the future of the whole family. Like you, I can give myself up to but one thing, to your rehabilitation. Apart from this fixed idea which haunts me, nothing interests, nothing touches me. . . .

Lucie."

Then in February:—

"Paris, December 15, 1896.

"I was in hopes of receiving again this month some letters from you. I looked forward with joy to the good talks we should have. But not a word. So I have taken up your letters of the month of October and read and re-read them."

Lucie."

"Paris, December 25, 1896.

"Once again I am going to send off

my mail for you, with bitter chagrin that I am unable to give you the news you long for, the news which we all await anxiously. I know this eternal lengthening out of your sorrows will be for you a new disappointment—that is why I am doubly distressed. . . . Poor dear! my heart sickens at the thought that our utmost exertions have not as yet been able to shorten your torment by a single instant.

Lucie."

In March, 1897, they made me wait until the 28th of the month for my wife's letters of January. For the first time mere copies of her letters were handed to me. How far this text, written out by a hired clerk, represented the original, is a question I cannot answer.

I felt keenly this new outrage coming after so many others, but though it wounded me to the depths of my soul, nothing could weaken my determination.

I wrote to my wife:—

"Iles du Salut, March 28, 1897.

"I have just received a copy of two January letters from you. You complain that I do not write more at length; but I sent you many letters towards the end of January. Perhaps by this time they have reached you.

"You ask me again, dear Lucie, to tell you about myself. Ah! I cannot. When one's sufferings are so sharp and one's soul so utterly miserable, one cannot bear to think, though that is all one can do. You will forgive me if I have not always been self-controlled. At times it was more than I could endure alone; such absolute isolation is terrible. But to-day, darling, as yesterday, let us put recriminations behind us. This life is nothing. A pure soul that has a sacred duty to fulfil must rise above suffering. Have courage; have courage! Look straight before

you, neither to the right nor to the left, but steadfastly to the end. I know well that you, too, are but human. Yet when grief becomes too great, when trials still to come seem too hard for you to bear, look into the faces of our children and say to yourself that you must live, to be with them and care for them until the day when our country shall acknowledge what I have been and am.

"What I wish to repeat to you with

a voice that you must always hear is 'Courage, courage!' Your patience, your resolution, that of all of us, must never tire until the full truth is revealed.

"I cannot fill my letters full enough of the love that my heart holds for you all. That I have been able to withstand so much agony of soul, such misery and strain, is because I have drawn strength from the thought of you and the children.

Alfred."

"THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM SOLVED HERE."*

The rooms were full, and the manager was so happy that she was more than good-natured. The originality that had led her to select for her office the ingenious title by which it was now known had developed in all branches of her business, and the Domestic Problem Solved was a cheerful success.

One day in early January a brown-haired lady in a brown cloth suit, with brown eyes to match, presented herself at the establishment which bore this extraordinary name. Nobody paid any particular attention to her, and she looked leisurely about her. She found herself in a large, light room covered with a tapestry carpet, punctuated sparsely with plush furniture, and decorated with a single photograph, large in size and pronounced in character. This was a copy of Millet's Noon, a picture less well known than many by this artist, and portraying the figure of a peasant woman, worked to utter exhaustion, fallen on the grass, and her face buried in her nerveless arms.

The lady in the brown suit stood for a time unnoticed in the crowded room. She soon perceived that other ladies were standing in groups before a desk behind which the manager, brisk and bright, received their applications.

The lady in the brown suit observed the eyes of several of the women who were presumably candidates for domestic situations, wandering to the Millet peasant on the wall.

"That's how they do it," said a two-hundred-pound Canadian, pointing to the picture. "I was that way mostly at my last situation—worked to skin and bone. I mean to take it easy this time."

The lady with the brown eyes came on to the manager's desk. She was politely received—the manners of the manager were unexceptionable—and requested to explain her errand as briefly as possible.

"Our women do not like to be kept waiting," said the manager. "Their time is valuable—"

"And the ladies?" queried she of the brown eyes. "What about our time?"

"A lady belongs to the leisure classes," was the swift reply. "Your wishes, please?"

* *The Successors of Mary the First.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Copyright, 1901. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

Mrs. Hollis defined them. The brows of the manager contracted a little.

"The general housework girl, madam, is out of date," she answered promptly. "She will soon be an extinct variety. But I will see what I can do for you. Your name?"

"Mrs. George Hollis."

"Residence?"

"Sweet Home."

"I'm sorry for you," observed the manager, laying down her pencil. "Street?"

"Peach Street."

"Too far out. Age?"

"Excuse me!" stammered the lady.

"Good health?" proceeded the manager. "Sweet temper? Good disposition? How many children? How much company? Do the outing shirts go out? How large a wash? How many evenings out do you take a week? How many afternoons?"

"I do not think I understand," began Mrs. Hollis. But the manager of the Domestic Problem Solved went on firmly:—

"How long have you been without a girl? Why did the last one leave you? How many have you had this winter? What are your qualifications to fill the position of employer? What are your references, please?"

"My what? I lost the word."

"Your references. We do not place ladies on our lists without references."

Mrs. Hollis turned, and was about to leave the place without trusting herself to reply, when the pungent memory of her emergency smote her like uncorked ammonia, and she contrived to control herself so as to answer calmly:—

"My husband is a professional man—a teacher."

"Ah! That is promising. A college professor, perhaps? The title goes a great way with our clients. Not a professor? That's a pity. I could have

given you quite a wide choice," complained the manager.

"Mr Hollis is principal of the high school of our city," observed the lady, not without some rising altitude of manner, which the woman of business was swift to perceive.

"For people of position," she hastened to say suavely, "some of our difficulties are removed, provided," she added, "that the style of living corresponds. What is your style of living? Do you have Wilton carpets? How much did you give for your lace curtains? A good deal of bric-à-brac? Portières? Chandeliers? That kind of thing?"

"I have not a lace curtain in my house," replied Mrs. Hollis, "and our carpets are straw or ingrain. We have no bric-à-brac to speak of and no portières or chandeliers, whether you spoke of them or not."

The manager shook her head doubtfully, but hurried on to say:—

"Perhaps your domestic references may compensate. What are your domestic references?"

"I am very dull; I fail to follow you."

"I mean what references have you from previous employees? We find these very valuable. They outweigh everything else."

"It seems to me," said the customer with unsmiling dignity "that we have neither of us the time for this kind of farce."

"But I am quite in earnest," urged the manager of the Domestic Problem Solved, with evident sincerity. "You are not up to the new methods. You are behind the times. This office keeps abreast of them. Have you nothing at all? Is there no cook or second girl to whom you could refer me?"

"There is the wife of a plumber who used to live in the city of Boston," admitted Mrs. Hollis, who was now inclined to make the best of the joke. "He has started a branch business in

New York," continued the Bostonian. "I think she would give me a reference if I asked her for one."

"Name?"

"Mrs. John Donahue."

"Ah! The well-known firm of Donahue & Connelly? Excellent! Nothing could be better. I will consult her at once. How long was she with you?"

"Thirteen years."

"No further reference is necessary, madam," returned the manager unexpectedly. "We should call this A No. 1—Ladies," she said loudly, addressing

the women who sat in the plush chairs, "here is a person whose last cook stayed with her thirteen years. How many of you would like the place?"

Fourteen women rose. The big Canadian was at their head. The customer, flushed with her momentary success, indicated by a motion of her eyelids that she declined the services of the Canadian.

"Your Millet has made a revolutionist of her," she said. "Give me that German girl with the soft eyes."

HOMeward BOUND! *

When Jim left Chicago the smoke hung low over the roofs of the city, and the engines crept about in the darkness like timid kine. The Colorado express was two hours getting outside the city limits, but when he woke the mountaineer was made glad by the vivid prairie sunshine. The train was rushing through rich pastures and between the waving green blades of soldierly corn. The shaven stubble of garnered wheat-fields was like mottled velvet to the eye. It was all good to see, but Jim was impatient for the mountains. The next day in Kansas was a long day, but signs of home thickened hour by hour.

When he reached First View, Jim rushed out on the platform to see if the Spanish Peaks were in sight, and when he located their faint outlines in the sky, he took off his hat to them and yelled like a Comanche: "Whoo-whoop! there she rises!" and turning, waved his hand in good-by to the low country.

As he neared the majestic wall, over whose tops the sun was setting, every

vestige of his gloom and bitterness swept away. The mountain-peaks clarified his brain as the wind from the pass blew the miasma of the low country from his garments. His eyes resumed their quizzical humor and his words regained the full flavor of the West. He spent an hour on the platform with two very plain old women from Massachusetts, explaining the habits of wolves and prairie-dogs, and pointing out the peaks which thickened along the horizon line; and in the smoking room he became the centre of interest. When alone he sang with a yowl like a mountain-lion.

At Silver City he was forced to wait six hours for the narrow gauge train; but he did not mind that, for he was again in the land of the Mexican saddle, the cow-boy and the miner. He walked the streets, glad of every sign of home. The windows filled with sombreros, spurs and pack-saddles; the ponies standing with drooping heads, and slanting, tired hips, their reins dangling; the crowds of young men in and about the saloons; the boxes of ore in real-estate windows—all these gave him serene joy. They were all proof

* *Her Mountain Lover.* By Hamlin Garland. Copyright, 1901. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.

that he was not dreaming—that he was in very truth homeward bound.

When he found himself in the little sleeping-car, and fairly doubled into his berth, he gave a sigh of keen pleasure and said:

"When I look out again I'll be on the western slope of the Christo range."

Several times during the night he woke to feel the train moving slowly on a sharp curve, the two little engines panting like tired dogs, and said to himself: "We're on the Elk Horn grade," or, "This must be the approach to the tunnel."

The air grew keener, crisper each moment, and raising the curtain of his berth, he peered out at the giant domes looming somberly against the cloudless sky blazing with low-hung stars. London was a smudge of low mist, New York a miasmatic swamp, and Chicago a storm of dangerous traffic, as he looked backward and downward upon them in imagination.

"It's a wonder I ever got back alive," he said, thinking of the multiple dangers of his journey. "But here I am, and here I stay."

From Junction City (which lay squat on the hot sand of the level valley) he could see the clouds circling over his mountains, and his heart yearned for the rain-wet trail which ran to his cabin and to the mine. It was hot noon-day, and the gleam of the snow in the gulches lured him with such power he could scarcely endure the wait for dinner. The water was singing below his door, the squirrels were barking, the camp birds and jays were disputing, and down below the purple valleys wound away into silence.

At last he found himself on the "spur" and driving straight toward the cloudy mountain-land whose ragged peaks rose nearly fifteen thousand feet above the sea. In the narrow-gauge car were men he knew, and they all seemed glad to see him.

"How did you come out on your London trip, Jim?" one man asked in friendly directness.

"All right, I reckon. I got my man."

"Don't sell too cheap," said his friend significantly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, I'll tell you. There's something going on in the Ella Grace. You know that stock was hard to sell at ten when you left."

"Yes; I didn't want it at that."

"Well, it's fifty-five now."

"Whew!" whistled Jim. "What's up?"

"Somebody's quietly buying in the stock, I hear. I don't know anything about it. Ask Sam Cuyler. I hear that they've tapped the vein that is in the Concordia. If they have—I say if they have—"

"Any clue to the buyer?"

"Well, they say that Cuyler is doing the buying himself through agents. Mind you, that is only what I hear. Meanwhile the ore makes no showing."

Jim mused. "I see his game. He wants to control the stock before he makes any showing. I'm much obliged, Tom. I reckon I got home about the right time."

"You're in line on that vein, all right. It cuts right through the hill."

"That's been my calculation all along."

Jim was doubly anxious now to reach home. It was well towards sunset when the laboring engines climbed into the little flat where the Grizzly Bear roared over its shallows, and stopped in the midst of Wagon Wheel to rest. The mighty walls, soaring six thousand feet above the town, were lighted with the golden glow of the sun, which had already left the top of the secondary peaks. The broad fields of snow were rosy pink; the grassy slopes glowed with opalescent lights; and one or two great, solitary white clouds seemed to stand on edge behind Ouray, waiting

in the deep blue sky. Jim lifted his eyes and took a good look at the peaks he loved, and then struck out up the street with long strides. He had finished sauntering; he was going to work.

* * * * *

As he climbed his heart grew gay. On the yellow roads the groaning brakes of great ore-wagons could be heard. Drove of burros pattered along, each with his two sacks of ore, his head held low, his ears flapping. The imperious or jovial calls of the drivers echoed from cliff to cliff, shaking the miner's heart with wordless joy.

The air was marvellously fresh and soft and clear. The cañon water called huskily from its deep, cold shadow, but on the opposite peak the setting sun still lay warm and red. High in the blue air, close to a cloud, a couple of eagles were at play. Jim was coming to his own. London was at the other side of the world; Chicago was lost in the shadows of the low country.

Darkness came on swiftly, and the mountain world grew ever more mysterious and alluring. The voice of the stream grew mightier and mightier, till it seemed to fill the cañon as the voice of a lion resounds in a cavern, imperious, insistent, unremitting. As the last rays of the sun rested on the highest peaks, they blazed with light as though on fire from within, and became twin brothers

of the mighty clouds that hung motionless above them.

Jim noticed with disgust that his legs ached and his breath came with an effort. "The low country has taken the tuck out o' me," he said. "Good thing I'm back."

In the old days he could walk that ever-mounting trail in two hours, with a pack on his back; now he was breathing hard with nothing but his coat to carry, and was falling behind his schedule besides. Though his limbs grew weary his senses were alert. He heard every insect, every bird, and the odors of the plants and flowers came to his nostrils with infinite suggestion. He had never before been absent from the wild things of earth for a single day, and his eyes and ears were avid of the good, familiar sights and sounds. As he hurried on, he passed mine after mine. He knew every light; that was the Commodore, that was the North Star, and that was the Ella Grace. His mine was on the other side of the Kicking Horse, which entered the Grizzly Bear at right angles just below timberline.

There was no light as he came in sight of the cabin; Bill had gone to bed. A coyote leaped away from the door, where he had been sniffing for bones, and scampered up the trail.

Jim hammered on the door. "Hello, the house! Hello! Open up! I want to stay all night."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Henry James is at the pains to deny a published report that he contemplates making his home in this country.

The German Reichstag has adopted the copyright bill, which prolongs au-

thors' rights on dramatic and musical productions from thirty to fifty years.

In 1667 John Milton sold his manuscript of "Paradise Lost" at \$25 for the first 1,300 copies. In 1681, his widow sold out all rights in the book for \$40.

Last month a single copy of the first edition sold in New York for \$830.

Mr. Thomas Wright is writing a new biography of Charles Dickens which will contain, it is said, a good deal of hitherto unpublished information relating to the novelist's early life.

William R. Jenkins of New York has added M. Edmond About's "*La Fille du Chamoine*" and "*L'Album du Regiment*" to his series of "*Contes Choisis*." There are explanatory notes in English by G. Castegnier.

A recently published "*History of English Literature*" makes a curious slip in stating that Mr. Phillip James Bailey, author of "*Festus*," died in 1856. Mr. Bailey is still living at Nottingham, England, at the age of eighty-five.

The Baker & Taylor Co. publish a revised edition of Maud Goings's "*With the Wild Flowers*," a clear and simply-written description of familiar "flower friends and foes," illustrated with numerous drawings, and constituting a useful guide to any one who walks the fields and woods.

Among American contributions to literary history, which have recently been republished in England are Professor Kuno Francke's "*History of German Literature*," Professor Lounsbury's "*History of the English Language*" and Mr. H. S. Pancost's "*Introduction to English Literature*."

According to "*The Chicago Tribune*," the author of "*The Bread-winners*," the stirring trade-union novel which aroused so much comment when published anonymously in 1883, was Miss Ida Harris of Champaign, Ill., who died recently. The story has usually been ascribed to John Hay, and it will

require positive evidence to establish the claim that it was the first work of an unknown woman.

"The Creed of the Presbyterians" by the Rev. Egbert W. Smith, D.D., is a contribution to the current discussion of the subject from the conservative point of view. The writer is not perturbed by modern attacks upon Calvinism, but enters the lists in its defence with good courage and unquestioned sincerity. The Baker & Taylor Co.

The University of Glasgow is to celebrate this month the five hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation by a bull of Pope Nicholas V. A Memorial Album has been prepared in this connection, to which some of the most distinguished graduates of the University, among them Professor James Bryce, Principal Rainy, the Master of Balliol, Mr. John Buchan and a host of others, have contributed.

The Century Co. showed their confidence in Miss Runkle's story, "*The Helmet of Navarre*," by printing a first edition of one hundred thousand copies. It is often questioned whether or no the serial publication of a story injures its sale in book form. It will be remembered that "*To Have and to Hold*" as well as the "*Helmet of Navarre*" appeared first serially, with no detrimental influence upon the later sale, but rather the contrary.

"Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny" were tame robins, and they spent five happy years in voluntary captivity with the kindest of warders, who tells their story in charming fashion, in a little volume published by the Baker & Taylor Co., and dedicated to the Audobon Societies. Simply and brightly written, and full of fresh incident, the book

can be read aloud to the delight of very young children, while maturer bird-lovers will thank Effie Bignell for so faithful and sympathetic an account of personal experiences quite out of the everyday order.

Mr. Walter J. Kenyon's "First Years in Handicraft" is a really practical and sensible attempt to teach the elementary principles of what, in its more ambitious forms, is known as "manual training." The materials needed are of the simplest and most inexpensive sort; a pencil, ruler and shears are all the tools required; and the explanations are so clear and are so elucidated with drawings and models that young children, at home or at school, will find delight and profit in the various forms of construction described. The Baker & Taylor Co.

"The Changing View-Point in Religious Thought" is a title which happily expresses the purpose which the Rev. Henry Thomas Colestock has in view in the little volume so named; the purpose, namely, of adapting the statement of religious belief to the changed point of view compelled by modern scholarship. The book is written for the laity, for parents and Sunday-school teachers, rather than theologians, and there is wisdom in the counsel which the author gives against encumbering the faith of the young with outgrown and unessential ideas, the compulsory abandonment of which, at a later stage of development, may shake the foundations of faith itself. E. B. Trent & Co.

It should be easy in these days when historical romance enjoys so wide a popularity, even when written by novices, and turning upon comparatively unimportant episodes, to lure the reader to a perusal of George Croly's really

noble story of "Salathiel, the Wandering Jew;" the more so when presented with all modern attractions of typography and illustration. This is what the Funk & Wagnalls Co. have essayed to do in the volume entitled "Tarry Thou Till I Come"—the words in which the Wandering Jew learned his doom from the lips of the suffering Christ. There could be no more appalling tragedy than this of a compulsory immortality among the scenes of earth; and the legend has had a haunting influence upon many imaginations. Never has it been more strikingly told than in Croly's romance; and the present publishers have done a service in reviving it in a dress to attract readers, and decorated with twenty full-page illustrations by T. de Thulstrup.

There are only sixteen ballads and lyrics, all told, in the slender volume, named from the opening poem, "For Charlie's Sake," by John Williamson Palmer. But there is more real poetry than in many stout and ambitious books of verse. That a writer capable of writing so well should have written so little is perhaps the most amazing thing; but the reader will be glad to have such stirring ballads as "The Fight at the San Jacinto" and "Stonewall Jackson's Way" and so musical a lyric as "Theodora," presented in this slight and attractively printed volume. The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Mr. John Murray, the English publisher of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," has been so irritated by the criticisms passed upon him for participating in a deliberate deception of the public, that he writes to the New York Commercial Advertiser, making the following explanation:—

The MS. was brought to me last summer by an intermediary, without explanation or comment. I read the MS.

and, having assured myself that I could publish it without harm to any one, I undertook to do so. I assured the intermediary that from internal evidence I did not believe the letters, as they stood, to have passed as an actual correspondence, but I had not then, nor have I now, any direct or authoritative information as to the origin of this work. You assume that the authorship is now an open secret. I do not believe that this is the case, or that the true facts have appeared in any quarter; but on this point, I cannot give any definite information, for I have none to give.

I have never seen the owner or owners of the originals, nor have I at any time had any direct communication with him, her or them on the subject.

Helen Campbell has poured into "Baltayne" the material for two entirely distinct novels, and the book has lost rather than gained by her lavishness. The romance of the two lovers, who seem destined to be kept indefinitely apart by her preference—a "conscientious" preference—for England as the scene of their life-work, and his—equally conscientious—for America, would have made a bright and pretty story by itself, and the clever bits of description and satire which the writer understands so well how to introduce would have sufficiently diversified it. The experiment in community life—a little after the Brook Farm order—with the complex and morbid personality of its leader, could have been expanded into a powerful, if unpleasant, psychological study. As it stands, more than a quarter of the book is given to an incident which is neither relevant nor representative, and the effect is disappointing. Little, Brown & Co.

Readers who enjoy a bright, clean, wholesome and not over long historical romance should have learned before now to watch the announcements of A. C. McClurg & Co. with cheerful anticipations. "Garcilaso," their latest

publication in this line, is a story of the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and Moorish paladins, persecuted Jews, studious and free-thinking Germans and adventurers setting out with Columbus for the New World all figure picturesquely in its pages. Garcilaso himself is a Spanish cavalier, intensely loyal to his church, but going to the dungeons of her Inquisition to avoid betraying his love, who is discovered to be at heart a heretic of the Vaudois. His character is an admirable one, and the touch of humor with which it is depicted adds to its attractiveness. The rival heroines, too, are well drawn, and the human interest throughout is not unduly subordinated to the plot. Altogether, J. Breckenridge Ellis's book is one of the best of its kind.

To class that very striking book, "The Story of Eva," among problem novels would give an inadequate idea of its realism, its freshness and delicacy, and its remarkable character studies. In Eva, the central figure of his group, Mr. Will Payne has drawn with rare skill a woman of no culture and little knowledge of the world, but resolute, large-hearted and lovable, and his plot traces the growth of her generous influence, in spite of many crudities and one almost fatal error of judgment, until it finally dominates the weak and vacillating purpose of her lover—a man superior to her in birth and education—and lifts both their lives to a secure and wholesome level. The questions of divorce and remarriage involved are treated with earnestness and sincerity, and the conclusions reached are conservative. The scene is laid in Chicago, shifting from a factory and a restaurant desk in the opening chapters to an apartment hotel with all the social complications involved, at the close. Mr. Payne is a writer of varied talents and great promise. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- All Change: Jottings at the Junction of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. By Wilfred Woollam. Elliot Stock.
- Birth, A New Chance. By Columbus Bradford. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Book of Jade, The. Doxey's—At the Sign of the Lark. Price \$1.
- Changing View-Point in Religious Thought, The. By Henry Thomas Colestock, A.M., B.D. E. B. Treat & Co.
- Creed of the Presbyterians, The. By Rev. Egbert W. Smith, D.D. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price 60 cents.
- Daughter of New France, A. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Englishman's Love-Letters, An, Being the Missing Answers to An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. Frank F. Lovell Book Co.
- Everyday Birds: Elementary Studies by Bradford Torrey. With 12 colored plates from Audubon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.
- Fille du Chamoinne, La, et L'Elbum du Regiment. By Edmond About. William R. Jenkins. Price 25 cents.
- Five Years of My Life. By Alfred Dreyfus. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price \$1.50.
- For Charlie's Sake: And Other Lyrics and Ballads. By John Williamson Palmer. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.
- Garcilaso. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Handicraft, First Years in. By Walter J. Kenyon. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.
- Helmet of Navarre, The. By Bertha Runkle. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.
- Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Montanye or The Slavers of Old New York. By William O. Stoddard. Henry Altemus Co. Price \$1.
- Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny: The Life Story of Two Robins. By Effie Bignell. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.
- My Master. By the Swami Vivekananda. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price 50 cents.
- Penelope's Irish Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Sir Christopher: A Romance of a Maryland Manor in 1644. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Stevensonia: Being a Reprint of Various Literary and Pictorial Miscellany associated with Robert Louis Stevenson The Man and His Work. The Bankside Press.
- Successors of Mary the First, The. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Illustrated. Price \$1.50.
- Tarry Thou Till I Come, or, Salathiel the Wandering Jew. By George Croly. Illustrated Edition. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.40.
- Ten Days Abroad. By H. S. Fuller. The School News Co. Price \$1.25.
- Tower of Wye, The: A Romance. By William Henry Babcock. Henry T. Coates & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Transfiguration of Miss Philura, The. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price 60 cents.
- Under the Redwoods. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Victoria Vale: Miscellaneous Pages for the Passing Epoch. By Wilfred Woollam. Elliot Stock.
- Wild Flowers from Pussy-Willow to Thistle-Down, With the. By Maud Goling. Revised Edition. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.
- Woman Who Trusted, The. By Will N. Harben. Henry Altemus Co. Price \$1.